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The Stranger on the Sill.

Between broad fields of wheat and corn
Is the lowly home where I was born;
The peach-tree leans against the wall,
And the woodbine wanders over all;
There is the shaded doorway still,
But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill.

There is the barn—and, as of yore,
I can smell the hay from the open door,
And see the busy swallow's throng,
And hear the pewee's mournful song;
But the stranger comes—oh! painful proof—
His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.

There is the orchard—the very trees
Where my childhood knew long hours of ease,
And watched the shadowy moments run
Till my life imbibed more shade than sun;
The swing from the bough still sweeps the air,
But the stranger's children are swinging there.

There bubbles the shady spring below,
With its bulrush brook, where the hazels
grow;

'Twas there I found the calamus root,
And watch the minnows poise and shoot,
And heard the robin lave his wing,
But the stranger's bucket is at the spring.

Oh, ye who daily cross the sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still;
And when you crowd the old barn eaves,
Then think what countless harvest sheaves
Have passed within that scented door
To gladden eyes that are no more.

Deal kindly with those orchard trees;
And when your children crowd their knees,
Their sweetest fruit they will impart,
As if old memories stirred their heart:
To youthful soil still leave the swing,
And in sweet reverence hold the spring.

The barn, the trees, the brook, the birds,
The meadows with their loving herds,
The woodbine on the cottage wall—
My heart still lingers with them all.
Ye strangers on my native soil,
Step lightly, for I love it still!

SINTRAM AND HIS COMPANIONS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FOUQUE.

CONTINUED.

Just then the door opened, and the castellan came in with a torch in his hand, the red glare of which made his face look the color of blood. He cast a terrific glance at the crazy pilgrim, who had just sunk back in a swoon, and was supported in his seat and tended by Rolf; then he stared in astonishment at the chaplain, and at last murmured, "A strange meeting! I believe that the hour for confession and reconciliation is now arrived."

"I believe so too," replied the priest, who had heard his low whisper; "this seems to be truly a day rich in grace and peace. That poor man yonder, whom I found half frozen by the way, would make a full confession to me at once, before he followed me to a place of shelter. Do as he has done, my dark-browed warrior, and delay not your good purpose for one instant."

Thereupon he left the room with the willing castellan, but he turned back to say, "Sir Knight, and your esquire! take good care the while of my sick charge."

Sintram and Rolf did according to the chaplain's desire; and when at length their cordials made the pilgrim open his eyes once again, the young knight said to him, with a smile, "Seest thou? thou art come to visit me after all. Why didst thou refuse me for a few nights ago I asked thee so earnestly to come? Perhaps I may have spoken wildly and hastily. Did that scare thee away?"

A sudden expression of fear came over the pilgrim's countenance; but soon he again looked up at Sintram with an air of gentle humility, saying, "Oh, my dear, dear lord, I am most entirely devoted to you—only never speak to me of former passages between you and me; I am terrified whenever you do it. For, my lord, either I am mad and have forgotten all that is past, or that Being has met you in the wood, whom I look upon as my very powerful twin-brother."

Sintram laid his hand very gently on the pilgrim's mouth, as he answered, "Say nothing more about that matter; I most willingly promise to be silent."

Neither he nor old Rolf could understand

what appeared to them so awful in the whole matter; but both shuddered.

After a short pause, the pilgrim said, "I would rather sing you a song—a soft, comforting song. Have you not a lute here?"

Rolf fetched one; and the pilgrim, half-raising himself on the couch, sang the following words:

"When death is coming near,
When thy heart shrinks in fear,
And thy limbs fail,
Then raise thy hands and pray
To Him who smoothes thy way
Through the dark vale.

Seest thou the eastern dawn,
Hear'st thou in the red morn
The angel's song?
Oh, lift thy drooping head,
Thou who in gloom and dread
Hast lain so long.

Death comes to set thee free;
Oh, meet him cheerily;
As thy true friend,
And all thy fears shall cease,
And in eternal peace
Thy penance end."

"Amen," said Sintram and Rolf, folding their hands; and whilst the last chords of the lute still resounded, the chaplain and the castellan came slowly and gently into the room. "I bring a precious Christmas gift," said the priest. "After many sad years, hope of reconciliation and peace of conscience are returned to a noble, disturbed mind. This concerns thee, beloved pilgrim; and do thou, my beloved Sintram, with a joyful trust in God, take encouragement and example from it."

"More than twenty years ago," began the castellan, at a sign from the chaplain—"more than twenty years ago I was a bold shepherd, driving my flock up the mountains. A young knight followed me, whom they called Weigand the Slender. He wanted to buy of me my favorite little lamb for his fair bride, and offered me much red gold for it. I stupidly refused. Overbold youth boiled up in us both. A stroke of his sword hurled me senseless under the precipice."

"Not killed?" asked the pilgrim in a scarce audible voice.

"I am no ghost," replied the castellan, somewhat morosely; and then, after an earnest look from the priest, he continued, more humbly: "I recovered slowly and in solitude, with the help of remedies which were easily found by me, a shepherd, in our productive valleys. When I came back into the world, no man knew me, with my scarred face, and my now bald head. I heard a report going through the country, that on account of this deed of his, Sir Weigand the Slender had been rejected by his fair betrothed Verena, and how he had pined away, and she had wished to retire into a convent, but her father had persuaded her to marry the great knight Biorn. Then there came a fearful thirst for vengeance into my heart, and I disowned my name, and my kindred, and my home, and entered the service of the mighty Biorn, as a strange wild man, in order that Weigand the Slender should always remain a murderer, and that I might feed on his anguish. So have I fed upon it for all these long years; I have fed frightfully upon his self-imposed banishment, his cheerless return home, upon his madness. But to-day—" and hot tears gushed from his eyes—"but to-day God has broken the hardness of my heart; and, dear Sir Weigand, look upon yourself no more as a murderer, and say that you will forgive me, and pray for him who has done you so fearful an injury, and—"

Sobs choked his words. He fell at the feet of the pilgrim, who with tears of joy pressed him to his heart, in token of forgiveness.

CHAPTER XXI.

The joy of this hour passed from its first overpowering brightness to the calm, thoughtful aspect of daily life; and Weigand, now restored to health, laid aside the mantle with dead men's bones, saying: "I had chosen for my penance to carry these fearful remains about with me, with the thought that some of them might have belonged to him whom I have murdered. Therefore I sought for them

round about, in the deep beds of the mountain-torrents, and in the high nests of the eagles and vultures. And while I was searching, I sometimes—could it have been only an illusion?—seemed to meet a being who was very like myself, but far, far more powerful, and yet still paler and more haggard."

An imploring look from Sintram stopped the flow of his words. With a gentle smile, Weigand bowed towards him, and said: "You know now all the deep, unutterably deep, sorrow which preyed upon me. My fear of you and my yearning love for you, are no longer an enigma to your kind heart. For, dear youth, though you may be like your fearful father; you have also the kind, gentle heart of your mother; and its reflection brightens your pallid, stern features, like the glow of a beautiful morning sky, which lights up ice-covered mountains and snowy valleys with the soft radiance of joy. But, alas! how long you have lived alone amidst your fellow-creatures! And how long since you have seen your mother, my dearly loved Sintram!"

"I feel, too, as though a spring were gushing up in the barren wilderness," replied the youth; "and I should perchance be altogether restored, could I but keep you long with me, and weep with you, dear lord. But I have that within me which says that you will very soon be taken from me."

"I believe, indeed," said the pilgrim, "that my late song was very nearly my last, and that it contained a prediction full soon to be accomplished in me. But, as the soul of man is always like the thirsty ground, the more blessings God has bestowed on us, the more earnestly do we look out for new ones; so would I crave for one more before, as I hope, my blessed end. Yet, indeed, it cannot be granted me," added he, with a faltering voice; "for I feel myself too utterly unworthy of so high a gift."

"But it will be granted!" said the chaplain, joyfully. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted; and I fear not to take one purified from murder to receive a farewell from the holy and forgiving countenance of Verena."

The pilgrim stretched both his hands up towards heaven, and an unspoken thanksgiving poured from his beaming eyes, and brightened the smile that played on his lips.

Sintram looked sorrowfully on the ground, and sighed gently to himself: "Alas! who would dare accompany?"

"My poor, good Sintram," said the chaplain, in a tone of the softest kindness, "I understand thee well; but the time is not yet come. The powers of evil will again rise up their wrathful heads within thee, and Verena must check both her own and thy longing desires, until all is pure in thy spirit as in hers. Comfort thyself with the thought that God looks mercifully upon thee, and that the joy so earnestly sought for will come—if not here but most assuredly beyond the grave."

But the pilgrim, as though awaking out of a trance, rose mightily from his seat, and said: "Do you please to come forth with me, reverend chaplain? Before the sun appears in the heavens, we reach the convent gates, and I should not be far from heaven."

In vain did the chaplain and Rolf remind him of his weakness; he smiled, and said that there could be no words about it; and he girded himself, and tuned the lute which he had asked leave to take with him. His decided manner overcame all opposition, almost without words; and the chaplain had already prepared himself for the journey, when the pilgrim looked with much emotion at Sintram, who, oppressed with a strange weariness, had sunk half asleep, on a couch, and said: "Wait a moment. I know that he wants me to give him a soft lullaby." The pleased smile of the youth seemed to say, Yes; and the pilgrim, touching the strings with a light hand, sang these words:

"Sleep peacefully, dear boy;

Thy mother sends the song
That whispers round thy couch,
To lull thee all night long.

In silence and afar

For thee she ever prays,
And longs once more in fondness
Upon thy face to gaze.

And when thy waking cometh,
Then in thy every deed,
In all that may betide thee,
Unto her words give heed.
Oh, listen for her voice,
If it be yea or nay;
And though temptation meet thee,
Thou shalt not miss the way.
If thou canst listen rightly,
And nobly onward go,
Then pure and gentle breezes
Around thy cheeks shall blow.
Then on thy peaceful journey
Her blessing thou shalt feel,
And though from thee divided,
Her presence o'er thee steal.
O safest, sweetest comfort!
O blest and living light!
That, strong in heaven's power,
All terrors puts to flight!
Rest seely, sweet child,
And may the gentle numbers
Thy mother sends to thee
Waft peace unto thy slumbers."

Sintram fell into a deep sleep, smiling, and breathing softly. Rolf and the castellan remained by his bed, whilst the two travellers pursued their way in the quiet starlight.

CHAPTER XXII.

The dawn had not appeared, when Rolf, who had been asleep, was awakened by low singing, and as he looked round, he perceived, with surprise, that the sounds came from the lips of the castellan, who said, as if in explanation, "So does Sir Weigand sing at the convent gates, and they are kindly opened to him." Upon which old Rolf fell asleep again, uncertain whether what had passed had been a dream or a reality. After awhile the bright sunshine awoke him again, and when he rose up he saw the countenance of the castellan wonderfully illuminated by the red morning rays; and although those features, once so fearful, were shining with a soft, nay, almost childlike meekness. The mysterious man seemed to be the while listening to the motionless air, as if he were hearing a most pleasant discourse or lofty music, and as Rolf was about to speak he made a sign of entreaty to remain quiet, and continued in his eager listening attitude.

At length he sank slowly and continually back in his seat, whispering, "God be praised! She has granted his last prayer; he will be laid in the burial ground of the convent, and now he has forgiven me in the depths of his heart. I can assure you that he finds a peaceful end."

Rolf did not dare to ask a question; or to awake his lord; he felt as if one already departed had spoken to him.

The castellan long remained still, always smiling brightly. At last he raised himself a little, again listened, and said, "It is over. The sound of the bells is very sweet. We have overcome. Oh, how soft and easy does the good God make it to us!" And so it came to pass. He stretched himself back as if weary, and his soul was freed from his careworn body.

Rolf now gently awoke his young knight, and pointed to the smiling dead. And Sintram smiled too; he and his good esquire fell on their knees, and prayed to God for the departed spirit. Then they rose up and bore the cold body to the vaulted hall, and watched by it with holy candles until the return of the chaplain. That the pilgrim would not come back again, they very well knew.

Accordingly, towards mid-day the chaplain returned alone. He could scarcely do more than confirm what was already known to them. He only added a comforting and hopeful greeting from Sintram's mother to her son, and told that the blissful Weigand had fallen asleep like a tired child, whilst Verena, with calm tenderness, held a crucifix before him.

"And in eternal peace our penance end!" sang Sintram, gently to himself; and they prepared a last resting-place for the now so peaceful castellan, and laid him therein with all the due solemn rites.

The chaplain was obliged soon afterwards to depart, but bidding Sintram farewell, he again said kindly to him, "Thy dear mother assuredly knows how gentle and calm and good thou art now!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

In the castle of Sir Biorn of the Fiery Eyes, Christmas Eve had not passed so brightly and happily, but yet there too all had gone visibly according to God's will.

Folko, at the entreaty of the lord of the castle, had allowed Gabrielle to support him into the hall; and the three now sat at the round stone table, whereon a sumptuous meal was laid. On either side there were long tables, at which sat the retainers of both knights in full armour, according to the custom of the north. Torches and lamps lighted the lofty hall with an almost dazzling brightness.

Midnight had now begun its solemn reign, and Gabrielle softly reminded her wounded knight to withdraw. Biorn heard her, and said, "You are right, fair lady; our knight needs rest. Only let us first keep up one more old honorable custom."

And at his sign four attendants brought in with pomp a great boar's head, which looked as if cut out of solid gold, and placed it in the middle of the stone table. Biorn's retainers rose with reverence, and took off their helmets; Biorn himself did the same.

"What means this?" asked Folko, very gravely.

"What thy forefathers and mine have done on every Yule feast," answered Biorn. "We are going to make vows on the boar's head, and then pass the goblet round to their fulfillment."

"We no longer keep what our ancestors called the Yule feast," said Folko; "we are good Christians, and we keep holy Christmas-tide."

"To do the one, and not to leave the other undone," answered Biorn. "I hold my ancestors too dear to forget their knightly customs. Those who think otherwise may act according to their wisdom, but that shall not hinder me. I swear by the golden boar's head—!" And he stretched out his hand, to lay it solemnly upon it.

But Folko called out, "In the name of our holy Saviour, forbear. Where I am, and still have breath and will, none shall celebrate undisturbed the rites of the wild heathens."

Biorn of the Fiery Eyes glared angrily at him. The men of the two barons separated from each other, with a hollow sound of rattling armour, and ranged themselves in two bodies on either side of the hall, each behind its leader. Already here and there helmets were fastened and visors closed.

"Bethink thee yet what thou art doing," said Biorn. "I was about to vow an eternal union with the house of Montfaucou—nay, even to bind myself to do it grateful homage, but if thou disturb me in the customs which have come to me from my forefathers, look to thy safety and the safety of all that is dear to thee. My wrath no longer knows any bounds."

Folko made a sign to the pale Gabrielle to retire behind his followers, saying to her "Be of good cheer, my noble wife; weaker Christians have braved, for the sake of God and of His holy Church, greater dangers than now seem to threaten us. Believe me, the Lord of Montfaucou is not so easily ensnared."

Gabrielle obeyed, something comforted by Folko's fearless smile, but this smile inflamed yet more the fury of Biorn. He again stretched out his hand towards the boar's head, as if about to make some dreadful vow, when Folko snatched a gauntlet off the table, with which he, with his unwounded left arm, struck so powerful a blow on the gilt idol, that it fell crashing to the ground, shivered to pieces. Biorn and his followers stood as if turned to stone. But soon swords were grasped by armed hands, shields were taken down from the walls, and an angry, threatening murmur sounded through the hall.

At a sign from Folko, a battle-axe was brought him by one of his faithful retainers; he swung it high in air with his powerful left hand, and stood looking like an avenging angel as he spoke these words through the tumult, with awful calmness, "What seek ye, O deluded Northmen? What wouldst thou, sinful lord? Ye are indeed become heathens, and I hope to show you, by my readiness for battle, that it is not in my right arm alone that God has put strength for victory. But, if ye can hear, listen to my words. Biorn, on this same accursed, and now, by God's help, shivered boar's head, thou didst lay thy hand when thou didst swear to sacrifice any

inhabitants of the German towns that should fall into thy power. And Gotthard Lentz came, and Rudloff came, driven on these shores by the storm. What didst thou then do, O savage Biorn? What did ye do at his bidding, ye who were keeping the Yule feast with him? Try your fortune on me. The Lord will be with me, as He was with those holy men. To arms, and—!" (he turned to his warriors) "let our battle cry be Gotthard and Rudloff!"

Then Biorn let drop his drawn sword, then his followers paused, and none among the Norwegians dared lift his eyes from off the ground. By degrees, they one by one began to disappear from the hall; and at last Biorn stood quite alone opposite to the baron and his followers. He seemed hardly aware that he had been deserted, but he fell on his knees, stretched out his shining sword, pointed to the broken boar's head, and said, "Do with me as you have done with that; I deserve no better. I ask but one favor, only one; do not disgrace me, noble baron, by seeking shelter in another castle of Norway."

"I fear you not," answered Folko, after some thought; "and, as far as may be, I freely forgive you."

Then he drew the sign of the cross over the wild form of Biorn, and left the hall with Gabrielle. The retainers of the house of Montfaucou followed him proudly and silently.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ANECDOTES OF BONAPARTE.—In the midst of a dreadful cannonading, Bonaparte stood leaning, nearly exhausted with several days' hard fatigue, against the carriage wheel of a cannon, and was in the act of taking a pinch of his favourite stimulant from the box of an officer, when a cannon-shot came and killed the latter on the spot. Without moving a limb or a muscle of his countenance, except in pity to his fallen friend, Bonaparte turned to another, and asked if he had a box; "for," said he, "our poor friend I suppose has taken his with him." Napoleon being in the gallery of the Louvre one day, attended by Baron Denon, turned round suddenly from a fine picture, which he had viewed for some time in silence, and said to him, "That is a noble picture, Denon." "Immortal," was Denon's reply. "How long," inquired Napoleon, "will this picture last?" Denon answered, that, with care, and in a proper situation, it might last, perhaps, five hundred years. "And how long," said Napoleon, "will a statue last?" "Perhaps," replied Denon, "five thousand years." "And this," returned Napoleon, sharply, "this you call immortality!"

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE II.—When his majesty George II. was once on a sea excursion, there appeared signs of an approaching storm. The noise occasioned on deck by the preparations to meet it, called his majesty below, to inquire into the cause. On being informed that they were "preparing for a storm," his majesty's instant commands were, "Double my guards."

VOCAL FACULTIES OF FISH.—M. Mufosse, in a paper addressed to the Academy of Sciences, shows that certain fish, especially the lyra, or marmarin, and Hippocampus, or seahorse pipe-fish, possess the faculty of causing certain muscles to vibrate on a peculiar sonorous organ, by which means they produce sounds not unlike musical ones.

Mr. Faraday says that two pieces of ice at 32 degrees will freeze together when brought into contact either with or without pressure.

REMOVAL. We are requested to notice the removal of J. F. Brown & Co., harp manufacturers, from 285 to 704 Broadway. Their advertisement will be found in our advertising columns.

SAUCES.—Those of our readers who wish to purchase a supply of sauces will find a large collection in the advertisement of Jones & Co., Broad street.

COAL AND WOOD.—The advertisement of Denman & Son will be found in another column.

Advertisement.

"THE PRIDE OF YOUTH!"—Let all good parents, who desire to improve the appearance of their boys, take them to KNOX, the down-town Hatter, and purchase for them a "Pride of Youth," which is one of the neatest Hats of the season. KNOX has, besides, a very large assortment of Hats and Caps for all ages, admirably adapted for the present season. His store is at No. 212 Broadway, corner of Fulton street. jny38

May.

The following beautiful lines are from the pen of the late lamented William Gaylord, Clark. They breathe the very odor of Spring, and the touching tenderness of a sensitive and feeling heart:

The Spring's scented buds all around me are swelling,

There are songs in the streams, there is health in the gale;

A sense of delight in each bosom is dwelling,
As float the pure day-beams o'er mountain and vale;

The desolate reign of Old Winter is broken,
The verdure is fresh upon every tree;
Of Nature's revival the charm—and a token
Of love, oh thou Spirit of Beauty! to thee.

The sun looketh forth from the halls of the morning,
He welcomes the gladness and glory, returning
To rest on the promise and hope of the year.
He fills with rich light all the balm-breathing flowers,

He mounts to the zenith, and laughs on the wave;

He wakes into music the green forest-broders,
And glids the gay plains which the broad rivers lave.

The young bird is out on his delicate pinion—

He timidly sails in the infinite sky;

A greeting to May and her fairy dominion,
He pours, on the west-wind's fragrant sigh:

Around, above, there are peace and pleasure,
The woodlands are singing, the heavens are bright;

The fields are unfolding their emerald treasure,
And man's genial spirit is soaring in light.

Alas! for my weary and care-haunted bosom!

The spells of the Spring-time arouse it no more;

The song in the wild-wood, the sheen of the blossom—

The fresh-welling fountain, their magic is o'er!

When I list to the streams, when I look on the flowers,

They tell of the Past with so mournful a tone,
That I call up the throngs of my long-vanished hours,

And sigh that their transports are over and gone.

From the wide-spreading earth, from the limitless heaven,

There have vanished an eloquent glory and gleam;

To my veiled mind no more is the influence given,
Which coloreth life with the hues of a dream:

The bloom-purple landscape its loveliness keeps—

I deem that a light as of old glids the wave;

But the eye of my spirit in heaviness sleepeth,
Or sees but my youth, and the visions it gave.

Yet it is not that age on my years hath descended,
"Tis not that its snow-wreaths encircle my brow;

But the newness and sweetness of Being are ended,
I feel not their love-kindling witchery now:

The shadows of death o'er my path have been sweeping;

There are those who have loved me debarred from the day;

The green is bright where in peace they are sleeping,

And on wings of remembrance my soul is away.

It is shut to the glow of this present existence,

It hears, from the Past, a funeral strain;

And it eagerly turns to the high-seeming distance,
Where the last blooms of earth will be garnered again;

Where no mildew the soft damask-rose cheek shall nourish,

Where Grief bears no longer the poisonous sting;

Where pitiless Death no dark sceptre can flourish,
Or stain with his blight the luxuriant Spring.

It is thus that the hopes which to others are given,
Fall cold on my heart in this rich month of May;

I hear the clear anthems that ring through the heaven,

I drink the bland airs that enliven the day;

And if gentle Nature, her festival keeping,
Delights not my bosom, ah! I do not condemn;

O'er the lost and the lovely my spirit is weeping,
For my heart's fondest raptures are buried with them.

THE DEAF AND DUMB BOY.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

One winter evening, as the watchman on the Pont Neuf at Paris was going his rounds, he found a child, clad in the very extremity of ragged wretchedness, standing alone in a corner, and uttering low and scarcely articulate moans, while the tears fell fast from the poor creature's eyes, and his unprotected body shivered with the piercing cold of the night. As the boy seemed of an age to be able to tell so much, the guardian of the bridge demanded "Where his mother—where his home was?" The question was repeated again and again, but a continuation of the same low moans was the only reply. The interrogator began to shake the boy roughly, attributing his silence to peevishness or obstinacy, as the child's

face, seen by the light of the lamp in the watchman's hand, disclosed no want of intelligence; or inability to comprehend the queries put to him. While this scene was passing, an elderly gentleman came up to the spot and listened to the watchman's reiterated questions. The boy still gave no reply, and the watchman was about to take him away to the guard-house, when the gentleman cried, "Stop for an instant; give me the lamp." He then threw the light full on the boy's face, and repeated in a gentle tone the same inquiries that had been already made. The expression of the child's face satisfied the questioner. Turning to the watchman, the gentleman said "The boy is deaf and dumb!"

The person who gave this decision, and whom the studies of a long life had well qualified to give it, was no other than the Abbe de l'Epee, a man not less distinguished for genius than for benevolence. The Abbe had at an early period of his life become convinced of the possibility of instructing to a certain extent the deaf and dumb—a task previously regarded as utterly hopeless—and he had subsequently applied the whole energies of his mind to the subject. His success had been great, and had won for him an honoured name among the benefactors of his species. Fortunately was it, indeed, for the poor boy of the Pont Neuf, that accident had brought the Abbe to the spot on the evening referred to. The watchman readily surrendered the child into the Abbe's hands, at the request of the latter, and on his promise to make all due inquiries for the parents, and to give up the young unfortunate, should they appear to claim him.

On taking the boy home with him, however, the Abbe de l'Epee soon adopted the opinion that his charge would never be claimed at his hands. He became convinced that the boy's unhappy defects had made him the victim of fraud and treachery. Many circumstances tended to lead the Abbe to this conclusion. He observed the boy, before the rags which he wore were taken from him, to look upon them with surprise and disgust; and his satisfaction and gratitude, when a better dress was put upon him, was obvious. Besides the skin of young Armand (as the boy was named by his new protector) was as white as snow, when the impurities with which it seemed to have been intentionally daubed, were washed away. His look and bearing, also, were intelligent and noble, and served to confirm the Abbe in the impression that some foul play had caused the boy's exposure. By setting food of various qualities before him, moreover the Abbe discovered readily that Armand had been accustomed to such nutriment as is only given to children in the highest and wealthiest ranks of life.

All the inquiries which the good de l'Epee set on foot in consequence of this conviction, and all the advertisements which he put into the public journals, failed in eliciting the slightest information relative to Armand's history. Meanwhile the boy gained daily on the affections of his benefactor. The Abbe's house had long been a school, or rather an asylum, for unfortunates of Armand's class, but none of all the pupils who had ever entered it, made such rapid progress as he did, in acquiring a command of those substitutes for speech and hearing which the genius of the teacher had invented. Not many years had passed away, ere Armand could converse by signs with the Abbe as readily as if the gift of speech had not been withheld. This great object effected, it was the Abbe's delight to store the opening mind of the youth with all the riches of learning and knowledge. Anxiously, also, did the priest watch, as Armand's intellect expanded, for any glimmering recollections of infancy which might lead to the elucidation of the mystery in which his early fortunes were involved. When questioned on this subject, all that the youth could remember was, that he had been brought a long journey before entering Paris. But the memories of other days existed, though in a dormant state, in the boy's mind, and only required favouring circumstances to call them forth. In one of the many walks which the Abbe was in the habit of taking with his young charge, they chanced to pass the courts of justice as one of the judges was getting out of a carriage. Armand instantly gave a start of eager surprise, and informed his companion that a man, robed in ermine and purple like the judge, used to hold him in his arms long ago, and bathe his face with kisses and tears. This trait of remembrance struck the Abbe forcibly. He conjectured that Armand

must be the son of a judge, and that that judge, from his dress, must have lived in some capital town, where superior courts were held. From the tears as well as kisses of which Armand had a recollection, his protector concluded that the mother of the boy must have been previously dead.

Other circumstances occurred, as Armand grew in years, which strongly excited the Abbe's hopes of one day being able to get justice done to the youth; for, that injustice had been done to him, the good priest felt deeply convinced. Passing on another occasion along the streets, Armand showed the strongest emotion at the sight of a funeral, and informed the Abbe that he remembered being led along the streets, dressed in a black cloak, and with a great crowd in attendance like that before him; and that, after that time, he had never seen the person in purple robes again. "Poor boy!" thought the Abbe, "thou art then an orphan, and some base relative has taken advantage of thy defects to rob thee of thy heritage!" At another time, Armand, in walking with his preceptor through the Barriere or entrance on the southern side of Paris, stood still, and gazed attentively at it. He then told the Abbe that this was the gate by which he had entered Paris, and that he remembered stopping here in a carriage until some baggage was examined. In this carriage, he also recollected he had travelled with two persons for several days.

Meditating on these circumstances, the Abbe felt persuaded that Armand had been left an orphan in one of the cities of the south of France. Again did the benevolent de l'Epee conceive it his duty to make inquiries on the subject, by every channel he could think of, but the attempt was not more successful than formerly. Still the good priest was not disheartened. The conviction was firmly implanted in his mind, that a task had been assigned to him by heaven to execute, and that the endeavor to restore the youth to his rights would be ultimately crowned with success. The Abbe revolved long in his mind the best means of prosecuting this endeavor, and came to the conclusion that the only way was, to travel with Armand through the district to which suspicion pointed, in order to give him the chance of having his early recollections awakened by the sight of the place of his nativity. Weighty obstacles, however, stood in the way of the fulfillment of this scheme. A great part of the journey—and it might possibly be a very long one—would require to be performed on foot. Armand, now drawing to his eighteenth year, was not unfitted to sustain such fatigue, but his protector was far advanced in life, and, though in the enjoyment of good health, felt his strength little equal to the toil of such a search. But the desire within his breast to make the attempt, for the sake of his beloved pupil, was irresistible. The journey to the south of France was resolved upon, and it was not long resolved upon ere it was begun.

A less generous heart than that of the Abbe de l'Epee would have quickly given way under the toils which this journey entailed, more particularly as these toils for a long time seemed to be fruitless. From town to town, and from city to city, did the travellers pass, without the slightest recognition of any of them on the part of Armand. But it was not so when the travellers, after a route of three months, entered the gates of Toulouse. At first, indeed, Armand seemed to view this city with the same absence of all emotion as he had viewed others; but on a sudden his indifference vanished. In passing a church, he made an instantaneous pause, as if an electric shock had passed through his frame; his eyes were bent eagerly on the church and its gates, and he signed with trembling hands to the Abbe that he recollected this place—that this was the place whither he had followed the funeral, formerly mentioned, of the judge. It would be difficult to describe the mingled feelings of joy and anxiety which sprang up in the old Abbe's mind at this discovery. As they continued their course along the streets, every striking object was recognized by Armand as a once familiar spectacle, and the Abbe's impression that his pupil's native city was found out, was confirmed beyond a doubt. If any doubt existed, it was soon removed. On entering a large square, Armand's recollections became more and more vivid; and, at last, when he came in front of an old and noble-looking mansion, he uttered a loud shriek, and fell back in the arms of his companion and friend.

It was some time before Armand recovered from the swoon into which the acuteness of his recollections had thrown him. When he recovered his consciousness, he informed the Abbe that this house was the place of his birth—that here he had been caressed by the judge—and that here he had dwelt, after the funeral, along with a child of his own age, of whom he retained the clearest and fondest remembrance. It was with difficulty that the aged priest could draw the youth from before the house, which he was most anxious to do, ere premature attention was excited on the part of those within. Armand, however, was too much accustomed to reverence the dictates of his preceptor, to refuse obedience to his wish that they should leave the spot. They made their way to a hotel, and there took up their abode for the time. The bosoms of both, it may well be imagined, were filled with emotion and gratitude to Heaven for the prospects which this discovery held forth.

The first step which the Abbe de l'Epee took, after the occurrences related, was to make some inquiries into the character and history of the person who occupied the house that had excited such emotion in Armand. The result of these inquiries was decisive. The Abbe was informed that the house in question, usually called the Hotel de Harancourt, had once been the possession of Count de Harancourt, a person of wealth and a judge in the City of Toulouse; and that, a good many years back, the count had died, leaving an only son, to whom his wife had given birth a few years before, at the expense of her own life. That boy, Theodore de Harancourt, was deaf and dumb, and the guardianship of him had been left to M. Arlemont, a maternal uncle. For a time Theodore had remained in the Hotel de Harancourt at Toulouse, and was brought up along with a child nearly of his own age, an only daughter of Monsieur Arlemont. But M. Arlemont, having some business to transact at Paris, took the young Theodore with him to that city, accompanied by a single attendant; and in the capital, unfortunately, the boy died, as the medical certificates testified, which M. Arlemont brought back to Toulouse. That gentleman then succeeded to the property, according to the destination of the late will, and had continued in undisputed possession of it ever since.

Such was the substance of the information given to the Abbe de l'Epee, by the landlord of the inn where the good priest and his pupil had taken up their abode. Thoroughly satisfied that his charge was the heir of Harancourt, and that M. Arlemont was the cruel invader of his rights, the Abbe then looked around for legal countenance and advice, in the attempt to reinstate Armand (as we may still call the youth) in his rights. One man, M. Beauvoir, was spoken of to him, as having the character of being the most able and upright advocate in Toulouse. To M. Beauvoir, the Abbe accordingly went with Armand. It chanced, happily, that the advocate was an enlightened man, and one who took a deep interest in the human pursuits to which the Abbe de l'Epee had devoted his life. When the latter, therefore, in commencing the narration of Armand's history, mentioned his own name, M. Beauvoir expressed the greatest pleasure at seeing a man whose character he had long held in honor. The Abbe then proceeded with his relation; and when he had put the whole story in a clear light before the advocate, it is hard to say whether astonishment or indignation at the conduct of Arlemont was uppermost in M. Beauvoir's mind. Of Armand's being the son and heir of the Count de Harancourt, he entertained not a doubt after what he had heard, and he readily pledged himself to lend all the aid in his power to procure the restitution of the youth's rights. As a proof of his willingness, he insisted and prevailed on the Abbe to come to his house with Armand, and make it their residence until the cause was investigated.

Let us now leave the Abbe and his young companion in the house of the advocate, and inquire if peace or happiness existed in the Hotel de Harancourt. Let our readers imagine to themselves a magnificent study, redundant with every appliance which luxury could invent for the comfort of its possessor. But its possessor cannot enjoy comfort; since the hour when the thirst of wealth tempted him to expose his orphan nephew to the streets of Paris, M. Arlemont has known no comfort or peace of mind. Even the fond cares of his daughter Pauline, a lovely girl of eighteen, cannot quiet the demon of remorse. In her

prattle she often speaks of her poor cousin, the old champion of her childhood, unaware that in doing so she stabs her father to the heart. Such had long been the state of things in the Hotel de Harancourt, and such was their condition at the time when the scene took place which we are about to describe.

M. Arlemont was seated in his study, when a servant announced the names of Abbe de l'Epee and M. Beauvoir. The reputation of de l'Epee, as the instructor of the deaf and dumb, was well known to Arlemont; and the reappearance of Theodore to claim his rights—a thing alternately dreaded and hoped for by the conscience-stricken uncle—at once struck his mind as being indicated by the Abbe's visit. Arlemont grew pale with agitation at the thought of detection and exposure, and he could scarcely summon confidence to meet his visitors. When they entered, he endeavored to cover his emotion under an appearance of haughtiness. He demanded the cause of their visit. The venerable de l'Epee stepped forward, and with a calm simplicity which was natural to him, demanded restitution of the possession cruelly and wickedly taken by M. Arlemont from the heir of Count de Harancourt. All his fears confirmed by the address, Arlemont could only stammer out a brief denial of Theodore's being in life.

"He is in life," exclaimed the Abbe, "and has returned, by the blessing of Heaven, to claim his own!"

The Abbe then stated the circumstance of the youth having been so long under his charge, and again warned Arlemont of the shameful exposure that would inevitably ensue, if justice were not readily and voluntarily done. Arlemont, however, had recovered, in part, his presence of mind; and although his good genius "struggled hard" within him for the ascendancy, again he denied the existence of the son of Count de Harancourt. He was, moreover, in the act of ordering his visitors to quit his house, when the door of the room was suddenly opened, and a servant of the house, with pale and agitated looks, rushed into the presence of Arlemont and his visitors. "He is come!—he is come!" exclaimed the servant, addressing M. Arlemont; "he is come from the grave to punish us for our cruelty! Here," continued the man, pulling some papers from his pocket, and throwing them at his master's feet, "here is the vile price for which I sold my soul! I have seen him—he is at the door—he waits to punish us!" In saying these words, the man fell down on the floor in strong convulsions.

The Abbe de l'Epee hastened to assist the poor wretch, saying at the same time to M. Beauvoir, "This is the associate in the act; he has seen our young friend waiting outside for us. Bring him hither!" M. Arlemont scarcely heard these words. He sat on his chair dumb with dismay and horror at his servant's mysterious and ominous language. M. Beauvoir was not long in bringing Armand into the apartment. As soon as Arlemont beheld the youth, he exclaimed, "It is he! it is he!" and buried his face in his hands, as if to hide his victim from his sight. But, in a few moments, actuated seemingly by an unaccountable impulse, Arlemont rose and threw himself at the youth's feet, holding up his hands at the same time as if entreating for pardon. The noble boy, though at first he shrunk from the sight of one who had injured him so much, soon showed that he comprehended the newly awakened feelings of his relative, and endeavored to raise him, directing de l'Epee at the same time by signs to announce to Arlemont his forgiveness of all that had passed. To the servant, also, who had recovered his consciousness, and who also knelt in an agony of remorse at Armand's feet, the Abbe spoke words of pardon at the request of his young and generous friend.

The first oppressiveness of shame once in some measure over, M. Arlemont confessed all, and professed his readiness to make restitution of what he had so fraudulently taken, and to depart from the abode which was not his own. From the shame of further exposure, the generosity of Theodore (as we may now name Armand) saved his erring uncle; for the youth pledged all those who were cognisant of the truth to silence. This was the spontaneous act of Theodore, and the magnanimity of it rewarded de l'Epee for all his labors. But, in the young de Harancourt's mind, other causes besides those that were obvious and superficial, were at work to prompt him to this conduct. He remembered too vividly the

playmate of his childhood—the daughter of his uncle—not to have regard to her feelings. The meeting of the cousins was deeply affecting. Pauline, informed that Theodore was still alive, without being shocked with the tale of her father's guilt, was led to M. Beauvoir to meet her cousin, with the consent of her father, on the second day after the disclosure had taken place. Each of the cousins at once recognized the other, and, like unsophisticated in their feeling, they expressed, by the most affectionate embraces, their delight at a re-union so long un hoped for in this world.

This history is nearly concluded. So deep was the contrition evinced by M. Arlemont, that the Abbe de l'Epee, ere he returned again to his noble labors in the cause of humanity, consented that Arlemont should continue in charge of Theodore's possessions, under the superintending eye of M. Beauvoir, who was appointed the young de Harancourt's actual guardian. Perhaps the strong affection which the Abbe beheld the daughter of Arlemont and Theodore evince for each other, was partly the cause of his consenting to this arrangement. In no point was the good Abbe deceived in his hopes for the future destiny of his former charge. The penitent Arlemont did not long survive the reappearance of the wronged heir of Harancourt, but he continued till the end faithful to that better course to which he had returned. And within but a few years after the Abbe de l'Epee had gone back to Paris to resume his charitable and glorious career, Theodore and Pauline were united, the noble quality of the former wiping away from the mind of the daughter of Arlemont all sense of the deficiencies with which he was afflicted. These deficiencies, indeed, neither obscured his intellect, nor could they conceal his virtues.

MILITARY MATTERS.—We would feel obliged to our military friends for items of news such as elections, promotions, parades, &c., which occur in their several corps, and which will be noticed in this column as far as practicable.

Robert Emmet Guard, Capt. Coddington, Sixty-ninth Regiment.—We visited the drill-room of this promising young company last Monday evening, and witnessed their exercises, which were principally in the Manual. Their movements in the loading and firing were excellent, and reflected great credit on Capt. Coddington as a drill officer, who, though he has had this company under his command only a couple of months, they showed by their drill on Thursday evening that they have not been idle. We hear they purpose giving an exhibition drill this season.

The officers of the Sixty-ninth have, we hear, under consideration the expediency of going into camp this Summer or the coming Fall, Staten Island being mentioned as the probable place of encampment.

We hear that the Emmet Guard of the Tenth Regiment will have to change their uniform. That Capt. Halpin of the Sixty-ninth has sent in his resignation, that it will not be accepted until the men are read for the Staten Island service, which, by the way, is promised the first week in June. That Company A, Capt. Corcoran, of that Regiment, visit New Haven, Conn., this Summer. That the Washington Gray Troop give an exhibition drill opposite the City Hall in the early part of next month. That the Seventh Regiment encamp on Fashion Course this Summer, marching from New York to the ground. That there is an artillery company to be formed in Westchester County, under the command of Capt. J. G. Fay, late of the Napper Tandy Light Artillery of Brooklyn. That the Sixty-ninth parade on Saturday, 28th inst., to escort Hon. Wm. Smith O'Brien to the steamer Vioy, in which he sails for Europe. That this Regiment gets part of Essex Market as a drill room. That the Fifth also get apartments in the same building. That Company C, of the Seventy-first will receive the Milwaukee Light Guard.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE INSTITUTION OF MERCY.—Our readers have already been made familiar with the objects of this noble institution through the columns of *The Record*—how the good Sisters devote their lives to the benefit of the poor girls who are dependent upon it not only for employment but for the support which they receive from day to day; how they visit the sick, and the destitute, and the inmates of the prison cell, to dispense among all the consolations of religion and the substantial charities with which they are accompanied.

It is to enable the good Sisters to continue their noble efforts in the cause of true religion and Christian charity that a collection will be taken up in all the churches on Sunday, the 29th inst. Need we say more to excite in favor of those who are dependent upon their benevolent feelings of our fellow-Catholics?

A SUBSTANTIAL TESTIMONIAL.—A testimonial was presented to Rev. George McClosky by a few of his parishioners on the eve of his departure. The amount subscribed was \$1,000, and the following are the names of the committee by whom it was presented:—Mr. Arthur Donnelly, Mr. Bryan Lawrence, Mr. James Murphy, Mr. Owen McBarrow, Mr. Hugh Kelly.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Keep at Work.

BY FRANKLIN.

Does a mountain on you frown?
Keep at work:
You may undermine it yet;
If you stand and thump its base,
Sorry bruises you may get.
Keep at work.

Does Miss Fortune's face look sour?
Keep at work:
She may smile again some day;
If you pull your hair and fret,
Rest assured she'll have her way.
Keep at work.

Are you censured by your friends?
Keep at work:
Whether they are wrong or right,
May be you must bide your time,
If for victory you fight.
Keep at work.

If the Devil growls at you,
Keep at work:
That's the best way to resist;
If you hold an argument,
You may feel his iron fist.
Keep at work.

Are your talents vilified?
Keep at work:
Greater men than you are hated;
If you're right, then go ahead—
Grit will be appreciated.
Keep at work.

Everything is done by Labor:
Keep at work,
If you would improve your station:
They have helped from Providence
Who work out their own salvation.
Keep at work.

LITERARY TRIFLING.—Dr. John Wallis, an eminent person who lived in the seventeenth century, used to amuse himself with what may be called literary trifling. There is a French stanza, the language of which is at once scarcely intelligible and strictly correct—

Quand un cordier; cordant, vent corder une corde,
Pour sa corde corder trois cordons il accorde;
Mais si en des cordons, de la corde descorde,
La cordon descordant fait descorde la corde.

Of this Dr. Wallis presented the following equally perplexing translation:

When a twister, in twisting, will twist him a twist,
For the twisting his twist he three times doth twist:
But if one of the twines of the twist doth untwist,
The twine that untwisted, untwisted the twist.

(And afterwards added four other lines),
Untwisting the twine, that untwisted between,
He twirls with his twister, the two in a twine,
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twisteth the twine he had twisted in twain.

(And afterwards)
The twain that in twining before in the twine,
As twines were untwisted, he now doth untwine,
Twist the twain, intertwisting a twine more between,
He twirling the twister, makes a twist of the twine.

THE DESERT OF JERICHO.—The desert is an immense plain, with several elevations, which sink successively, as far as the river Jordan, by regular gradations, like the steps of a natural staircase. The eye can distinguish only one complete plain; but after marching an hour, we come all at once on one of these terraces, which we descend by a rapid slope, and march another hour, when there is a fresh descent, and thus the whole way. The soil is a white compact sand, covered by a concrete and saline crust, produced doubtless by the fogs from the Dead Sea, which, on their evaporation, deposit this salt crust. There is no stone or earth, except on approaching the river or the mountains; there is, on all sides, a vast horizon, and we distinguished, from an immense distance, an Arab galloping over the plain. As this desert is the theatre of their attacks, pillaging and massacring the caravans going from Jerusalem to Damascus, or from Mesopotamia to Egypt, the Arabs take advantage of some detached hills formed by the moving sand, and have also erected artificial ones, to hide themselves from the observation of the caravans, and to descry them from afar; they hollow out the sand on the summit of these hills, and there burrow with their horses. As soon as they perceive their prey, they dart with the rapidity of the falcon; they go to apprise their tribe, and return altogether to the attack. Such is their only industrial occupation, such their only glory; civilization with them is murder and pillage, and they attach as much importance to their successes in this species of exploit, as our conquerors to the acquisition of a province. Their poets—for they have poets—celebrate in their verses these scenes of barbarity, and deliver down, from generation

to generation, the honored memory of their courage and their crimes. The horses have a considerable share of the glory assigned them in these recitals; here is one, which the Scheik's son related to us on the way:

"An Arab and his tribe had attacked in the desert the caravan of Damascus; the victory was complete, and the Arabs were already occupied in loading their rich booty, when the troops of the Pacha of Acre, coming to meet this caravan, fell suddenly upon the victorious Arabs, slew a great number of them, made the remainder prisoners, and having tied them with cords, conducted them to Acre, to present them before the pacha. About-el-Marsch, the Arab of whom he spoke, had received a ball in his arm during the combat; as his wound was not mortal, the Turks had fastened him on a camel, and having obtained possession of his horse, led off both horse and horseman. The evening before which they were to enter Acre, they encamped with their prisoners in the mountains of Saphad; the wounded Arab had his legs bound together by a leathern thong, and was stretched near the tents where the Arabs were sleeping. During the night, kept awake by the pain of his wound, he heard his horse neigh amongst the other horses fastened around the tents according to Oriental usage. He recognized his neigh, and unable to resist the desire of speaking once more to the companion of his life, he dragged himself with difficulty along the ground, by the assistance of his hands and knees, and came up to his coursers. "Poor friend," said he to it, "what wilt thou do amongst the Turks? Thou wilt be immured under the arches of a khan, with the horses of an aga or pacha; the women and the children will no longer bring thee the camel's milk, or the barley, or the doura in the hollow of their hands; thou wilt no longer run free in the desert, as the wind of Egypt; thou wilt no more divide the waters of the Jordan with thy breast, and cool thy skin, as white as their foam; therefore, if I remain a slave, remain thou free!—go, return to the tent which thou knowest; say to my wife that About-el-Marsch will return no more, and put thy head under the curtains of the tent to lick the hands of my little children." Whilst speaking thus, About-el-Marsch had gnawed through with his teeth the cord of goat-hair which fetters Arab horses, and the animal was free; but seeing its master wounded and bound at its feet, the faithful and sagacious steed understood by instinct what no language could explain to him. He stooped his head, smelt his master, and seizing him with his teeth by the leathern thong which he had about his body, went off in a gallop and bore him to his tent. On arriving and placing his master on the sand, at the feet of his wife and children, the horse expired from fatigue. All the tribe wept for him, the poets have celebrated him, and his name is constantly in the mouths of the Arabs of Jericho."

HINTS ON HEALTH.—Avoid excess of food as the principal source of dyspepsia. Five or six hours should elapse between meals. Commercial and professional men should avoid long fasting. Do not hurry from dinner to business; rest an hour afterwards. Never eat things out of season, nor much of dishes to which you are unaccustomed. Much liquid at dinner delays digestion. Avoid intemperance. Water is the most wholesome beverage. Excess of fermented liquors is highly injurious. Useful exercise is indispensable to health and happiness. Muscular exercise, well regulated, is conducive to longevity. The sedentary should walk whenever they have an opportunity. Never continue exercise after it has become painful. Standing at a high desk to write, when fatigued with sitting, will be found highly beneficial to literary men. The constant use of soft stuffed seats is injurious. Rooms in which the sedentary are employed, should be warmed by fires in open grates, which assist ventilation; not by steam, hot water, gas, or close stoves. Never stand or sit with your back to the fire. Mental excitement is one of the most prevalent causes of disease, producing dyspepsia, monomania, and insanity. Few things tend more to the preservation of health and the prolongation of life, than the maintenance of a calm, cheerful and contented state of mind, and the cultivation of feelings of affection. Mental inactivity is scarcely less injurious than excessive exercise, giving rise to hypochondriasis. In the choice of professions, the talents, disposition, and natural

bent of the mind of the individuals ought to be studied. Trips into the country to watering and sea-bathing places, are highly beneficial to those who live in towns. Marriage favorable to health, but should not be contracted too early. Tobacco injures digestion, and relaxes the nerves.

SAGACITY OF A SAVAGE.—The sagacity of savages often transcends all that the boasted learning of schools and colleges can show. A North American Indian, upon returning home to his cabin, discovered that his venison, which had been hung up to dry, was stolen. After taking his observations on the spot, he set off in pursuit of the thief, whom he tracked through the woods. Meeting with some persons on his route, he inquired if they had seen a little old white man, with a short gun, and accompanied by a small dog with a bob-tail. They answered in the affirmative; and, upon the Indian assuring them that the man thus described had stolen his venison, they desired to be informed how he was able to give so minute a description of a person, whom, to them, it appeared he had never seen. The Indian replied: "The thief, I know, is a little man, by his having made a pile of stones to stand upon, in order to reach the venison from the height at which I hung it, while standing on the ground; that he is an old man, I know by his short steps, which I have traced over the dead leaves in the woods; and that he is a white man, I know by his turning out his toes when he walks—which an Indian never does. His gun I know to be short, from the mark which the muzzle made by rubbing the bark of a tree against which it had leaned; that his dog is small, I know by his track; and that he has a bob-tail, I discovered by the mark it made in the dust, where he was sitting, while his master was busy about my meat."

ANECDOTE OF A RAVEN.—In the days of Tiberius Cæsar, a young raven that had been hatched in a nest upon the temple of Castor and Pollux, took her first flight into a shoemaker's shop just opposite. The master of the booth was well pleased to receive the guest, especially as it had come from so sacred a place, and took great care of it. In a short time the winged visitor began to speak, and every morning flew to the top of the rostra, where, turning to the open forum, he saluted the emperor, and after him Germanicus and Drusus, the young princes, each by his name, and after them the people that passed by. This he continued to do for many years, till another shoemaker, either envying his neighbor the possession of so rare a prize, or enraged at the bird for mure on his shoes, killed him. At this rash proceeding the people were so indignant, that they drove the ungenerous mechanic out of the street and afterwards murdered him. The body of the raven was solemnly interred in a field two miles from the city, to which it was carried by two blacks; with musicians playing before and a great crowd following. In such esteem, says Pliny, did the people of Rome hold this wit and aptness to learn in a bird, that they thought it a sufficient cause for ordering a sumptuous funeral, and even for putting a man to death, in that very city where many brave and noble persons have died without having their obsequies solemnized, and which afforded not one individual to revenge the undeserved death of the renowned Scipio Emilianus, after he had conquered both Carthage and Numantia.

SIDERS THE BEST BAROMETER.—The manner in which spiders carry on their operations, conformably to the impending changes of the atmosphere, is simply this:—If the weather is likely to become rainy, windy, or in other respects disagreeable, they fix the terminating filaments, on which the whole web is suspended, unusually short; and in this state they await the influence of a temperature which is remarkably variable. On the contrary, if the terminating filaments are made uncommonly long, we may, in proportion to their length, conclude that the weather will be serene, and continue so at least for ten or twelve days. But if the spiders be totally indolent, rain generally succeeds; though, on the other hand, their activity during rain is the most certain proof that it will be only of short duration, and followed with fair and constant weather. According to further observations, the spiders regularly make some alterations in their webs or nets every twenty-four hours; if these changes take place between the hours of six and seven in the evening, they indicate a clear and pleasant night.

FACETIÆ.

COMPLETE IN TWO VOLUMES.—The late King of Prussia once sent to an aid-de-camp, Col. Malachowski, who was brave but poor, a small portfolio, bound like a book, in which were deposited five hundred crowns. Some time afterwards he met the officer, and said to him, "Ah, well, how did you like the new work which I sent to you?"

"Exceedingly, sire," replied the colonel; "I read it with such interest, that I expect the second volume with impatience." The King smiled, and when the officer's birthday arrived, he presented him with another portfolio, similar in every respect to the first, but with these words engraved upon it: "This book is complete in two volumes."

A PRACTICAL WAY OF TEACHING LATIN.—A farmer, whose son had been ostensibly learning Latin in a popular academy, not being perfectly satisfied with the conduct of young Joseph, recalled him from school and placing him by the side of a cart, thus addressed him: "Now, Joseph, here is a fork and there is a heap of manure and a cart; what do you call them in Latin?"

"Forkibus, cartibus, et manuribus," said Joseph.

"Well, now," said the old man, "if you don't take that forkibus pretty quickibus, and pitch that manuribus into that cartibus, I'll break your lazy backibus!" Joseph went to workibus forthwithibus.

THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.—"How do you like my new turn-out?" said the late member for Dishington, calling attention to his equipage.

"Better, no doubt, than you liked the one your late constituents gave you," replied his friend.

TIT FOR TAT.—The owner of a house having a tenant about to quit possession, put up a notice in the usual form, "This house is to be let." Annoyed at this, the tenant exhibited a placard in the same window, "Leaving in consequence of the bad smells arising from the drains."

MEDICAL.—Two thin shoes make one cold; two colds one attack of bronchitis; two attacks of bronchitis, one elm coffin.

ASTRONOMICAL.—The late comet was a good deal like the productions of some of our three volume novelists—a long tail from a small head.

AGRICULTURAL.—It is exceedingly bad husbandry to harrow up the feelings of your wife, to rake up old quarrels, to hoe a grudge, and to sow discord.

NOT SO BAD.—A lecture was recently announced on the education of idiots. The bill added, "The county and borough members are invited to attend."

"Pa," said Master Charley, at breakfast, "what is French for an egg?"

"An egg, my boy, is an egg."

"Well," said the young rogue immediately, "an egg is not enough for me, for I want two!"

A country doctor says a farmer in their country made a scare-crow so frightful, that an old crow actually went and brought back all the corn he had stolen during several days, and left it in the field.

"Charles, tipsy again, fie! fie!"
"No, my love (hiccup), not tipsy, I ut slippery (hiccup). The fact is, my dear, somebody has been rubbing the bottoms of my boots (hiccup) till they are as smooth as a pane of glass."

Gilray's well-known caricature portrays a hard drinker lying ill of a fever, with his physicians debating how best to alate the thirst and cure the fever. "Gentlemen," he is made to exclaim, "I will save you half your trouble. Do you cure the fever, and I'll abate the thirst."

"Do you have only yourself to please," said a married friend to an old bachelor.

"Yes," he replied, "but you don't know how difficult that is!"

"Do you think me guilty of a falsehood," asked Mr. Knott of a party he was addressing.

"Sir," was the ambiguous reply, "I am bound to say Knott (not) guilty."

A person fond of the marvellous told an improbable story, adding, as was his wont, "Did you ever hear of that before?"

"No, sir," said the other; "pray, did you?"

If you wish your neighbors to notice you, buy a dog and tie him up in the cellar all night. They won't sleep for thinking of you.

"Honesty is the best policy, but it keeps a man shocking poor," said Smith, as he wetted the sugar without mixing it with sand.

Most kinds of roots and bark are now used as a medicine, except the cube root and the bark of a dog.

The man who was struck dumb by a burst of applause has recovered his voice.

THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

A Historical Account of "the Stations."

Prepared expressly for The Record.
[CONTINUED.]

In this century the Holy See has frequently granted to Bishops the faculty to erect the Stations of the Cross in places where there are no houses of the Observants. The faculty sometimes contains permission to erect them in fifty churches, when Bishops have obtained the power; where it has been given to Priests, it is usually for twenty-five churches or oratories. In missionary countries the faculty is usually more extensive, and no limit is placed on the number, which the Bishop has the power to erect; only one condition is added, that there are no Franciscans of the Minor Observance in the place.

The following is the usual form of one of these rescripts, and we insert it in order that the explanations which will be given with respect to this part of the subject will be fully understood:

"The Holy Father has granted to N. N. the privilege of erecting the fourteen stations of the Way of the Cross in public or private oratories of the Diocese, in places where the Order of the Minor Observants of St. Francis of Assisi do not exist, and of blessing them, and of applying to them all and every indulgence belonging to the aforesaid exercise of the Way of the Cross, everything required by law being observed in the matter."

If the faculty is given to a Priest, the following conditions are added:

"With the license of the Bishop and the consent of the Superior of the place where the stations are to be erected."

The General of the Minor Observants grants the like faculty in the following form:

"By virtue of the authority of the Holy See granted to us, we give to N. N. the faculty (if he have previously obtained the license of the Bishop) of blessing and of putting up of the Stations of the Cross in fifteen churches or oratories erected by the Brief of the Holy See, with all the indulgence annexed to these, to be gained by all the faithful who visit them in a devout manner. All that is required by the law must be observed, and a testimonial, signed in due form, of the putting up of the stations, must be made out. We desire, however, that this faculty only be in force in those places where there are no members of our order, or where they cannot be conveniently had."

The first question which must be considered is the meaning of the word "place" in those indults, for it appears that the faculties of the Holy See and of the Minister-General of the Minor Observants cease to have any effect in the "place" where there are any members of this order. It cannot be taken to extend to the entire Diocese, for then the word "place" would not be mentioned. The first rescript supposes that there are many parts of the Diocese where the Franciscans do not exist, or where there are none of their convents, and consequently that the faculty may be exercised in the Diocese, although there be a convent of the Minor Observants in some part of it. Nor can it be taken to extend to a parish, for if the person to whom the faculty is given is prohibited from erecting the Way of the Cross in the parish where there might be a house of the order, the word parish, and not place, would be used in the faculty. There may be many parishes in a town or in a city, and a parish often embraces several small towns. If we accept this interpretation of the word, it would appear that if there is a convent of the order, the Stations of the Cross cannot be erected by virtue of the faculty, in the parish where it is situated, though it may in other parishes of the city. The word place cannot be taken to mean a civil district, which includes several towns or villages, for the church never takes into account districts which are formed by the law of the land, in her spiritual arrangements. The following, we believe to be the proper interpretation of the indult: That the faculty cannot be exercised in any town or city, though it includes several parishes or districts, or though it contains only one parish or district, if there be a convent of the Order of the Minor Observants in that town or city. This appears to be the natural meaning of the word "place" in the present instance, and we cannot, without a real necessity, give to words a different

sense than that which they usually bear. We cannot understand by the word "place" a Diocese or a parish, or any civil division of the country. Therefore we must refer it to the town or city in which the house belonging to the order is situated.

The erecting the Way of the Cross is a faculty belonging exclusively to the Minor Observants of St. Francis, to whom the Holy See has granted the privilege of propagating this devotion. Therefore their rights must be respected as much as possible, and the word place must be interpreted in the sense most favorable to them. We cannot extend them, however, beyond the words of the indult, and suppose that if there be Franciscans in the Diocese, they should always be invited to erect the Stations of the Cross, for this would often cause much difficulty and expense, and their privileges seem sufficiently provided for by the words of the rescript. This view of the case which we have taken is confirmed by the Brief of Benedict XIV., which has been already mentioned, and which shows that individual members of the order have not the faculty of putting up the stations where there is a convent belonging to them, as then the matter rests in the hands of their Superior. The clause in the rescripts to which we have referred seems to require the same interpretation.

The following questions respecting this matter were proposed to the Congregation of Indulgences in 1857—"Since the rescript by which the faculty of erecting the Way of the Cross is granted to seculars, limits the power to places where the Order of the Minor Observants of St. Francis does not exist, and questions are often asked respecting the meaning of the word place—"

First—What is to be understood by the word place, a city, a town, a village with its suburbs or the adjoining places?

Second—Is a parish or a diocese to be understood by it, or a part of a diocese?

Third—By the power of the rescript is the erection of the Way of the Cross prohibited in places outside the church, for instance, in cemeteries or cloisters.

Fourth—Is the limit, under pain of its being null, attached to the rescript; and is the power granted, confined to places where the Order of Minor Observants of St. Francis does not exist, and to the churches or oratories in those places, so that if the Way of the Cross be erected by a secular priest in those places where the Order exists, or outside the churches or oratories, it is to be deemed invalid?

When those four questions were proposed in the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences on the 14th December, 1857, in the Vatican palace, the Cardinals having duly considered the matter, returned the following answers:

To the first, affirmatively. To the second, replied to in the first, to the third and fourth affirmatively.

On the 23d September 1859, the Congregation of Indulgences declared that a Bishop who has received from the Holy See authority to erect the Stations of the Cross, can appoint any Priest to do this not only in his own parish, but also in any church of the diocese. The following is the decree: "As the faculty is given by the Holy See to the Bishop to delegate any Priest to erect the Way of the Cross, the Bishop has the power of doing this so that the Priest not only in his own parish but in any parish which may seem fit to the Bishop can put up the Stations."

In 1841 the following question was proposed to the Congregation of Indulgences: "Is the priest who has obtained from the Holy See among other faculties the privilege of erecting the Way of the Cross, bound to exhibit those faculties to the ordinary, although no mention be made of this in the rescript?" The answer was in the affirmative.

All the acts connected with the erection of the Way of the Cross should be in writing. The petition presented for the erection of the Stations and the document granting the prayer of the petition should be left in the archives of the diocese. The permission to erect them should also be mentioned in the Parish Registers. The Congregation of Indulgences stated so in reply to the Vicar-General of Pamiers, in France, 25th September, 1841.

The following is the decree respecting this matter:

"The Vicar-General of the diocese of Pamiers desires most humbly to inquire from the Most Eminent Prefect of the Congregation of

Indulgences if it be necessary, in order to render valid the erection of the Way of the Cross and to gain the indulgences attached to them, that there should be a written permission from the Bishop or from his Vicar-General for this purpose?"

The answer was as follows:

"All and every particular connected with erection of the Stations must be in writing. The petition for the permission to erect them, the answer, and the necessary faculty, must remain in the archives of the diocese, and a notice of this must be inserted in the books of the parish or place where this pious exercise was instituted."

The faculty granted by the Bishop and the statements connected with the erection of the Way of the Cross should be written out without any delay, in order that there may be no doubt respecting them at any future period. A decree passed by the same Congregation on the 27th of January, 1838, shows the steps which should be taken where the Way of the Cross has not been properly erected, and where all that has been done respecting it is null in consequence of there being no written documents. It seems it is not necessary to bless the crosses a second time. But new documents should be made, and the written permission to erect the Stations should be perfected, and also the registering them both in the archives of the diocese and in the books of the parish should be immediately completed. This decree is very important, and we shall therefore give it in full in our next number.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Obituary.

HARON VON HUMBOLDT.

The Baron Von Humboldt after a long life devoted to almost every department of science, expired in Berlin at the age of ninety. The Prussian capital was likewise his birthplace, he having been born in that city on the 14th of September, 1769. His insatiable desire for knowledge amounted to a passion, and urged him to explore every region of the earth—a desire which his great physical energy and endurance enabled him to carry into execution. The results of these labors he has embodied in various works, but more especially in his "Cosmos," a work which, as its name imports, embraces the entire world.

His ardent wish of visiting the New World was, after many disappointments, realized. Spain, to whose enlightened liberality we are indebted for the discovery of America, has increased the debt of gratitude which the world owes her by the protection and support she extended to Humboldt in his travels and explorations through the southern portion of this continent. When for the first time our traveller gazed on that glorious constellation, "the shining Southern Cross on high," he was more than repaid for his long journey. To use his own words, "On that night I experienced the realization of one of the dreams of my earliest youth."

Having penetrated the deepest forests and climbed the highest mountains, overcoming every obstacle that Nature with a cunning hand had placed there, as if to guard the solitude she loved and had so lavishly adorned, from intrusion, he returned to Europe weighed down with the spoils of the tropics. One of the most valuable and interesting of his works is the result of these four years of scientific research. It is a most learned and elaborate performance, containing a perfect history of animate and inanimate nature in these regions. He subsequently journeyed through Africa and Asia, and at last returned to his original starting point, his native city of Berlin, where his fellow-citizens vied with each other in rendering him every mark of respect. Foreign nations also hastened to honor him; all the learned societies in Europe opened their doors to him; in a word, his fame as a world-wide as his "Cosmos."

DR. DIONYSIUS LARDNER.

The Canada brings us intelligence of Dr. Lardner's death at Naples on the 7th. He had been a resident of Paris for some years, devoting his time to the pursuit of his favorite studies and writing for scientific journals. Lardner's "Cabinet Encyclopedia of Science and Arts" is a standard work to which some of the most eminent European scholars contributed articles. In 1840 he came to this country, and lectured with great success. In the course of one of these lectures he referred to a statement attributed to him as to the impossibility of traversing the Atlantic by steam. To disprove it he quoted from the re-

port of a meeting held in Bristol previous to the voyage of the *Sirius*, in which he maintained the practicability of ocean steam navigation, but deprecated any precipitation, on the ground that a failure would retard the ultimate project which he had so much at heart. As a lecturer Dr. Lardner was highly esteemed, for he had the faculty of popularizing abstruse subjects, and divesting them in a great degree of unintelligible technicalities. Dr. Lardner was a native of Ireland.

The Metropolitan Musical Society.

The first soiree of the Metropolitan Musical Society took place May 17th, at the Academy of Music, and was attended by a large and fashionable audience. The stage, brilliantly lighted and thronged with a full orchestra, a military band, and the grand chorus of the New York Harmonic Society, presented as lively and animated a scene as any other part of the house, and contributed not a little to heighten the general effect. The diversified character of the programme, combining vocal and instrumental music, solos and chorals, increased the pleasure of the evening. The performances commenced with the overture to "Maritana," admirably rendered by the full orchestra conducted by H. B. Dodworth, and this was followed by the "Wine Chorus," from "The Seasons," to which the well-trained voices of the Harmonic Society gave full effect. The "Romance" from "Il Trovatore" was charmingly sung by Madame Cora de Wilhorst, and the audience testified their gratification by flinging bouquets on the stage, and by enthusiastic applause. The Fantasia on Wagner's "Tannhauser" was a brilliant piece of instrumentation, and marked Mr. Mills as a musician of high merit. There was a liquid fluency about his running passages that pleased the ear like the continuous warbling of a bird. In obedience to repeated encores, the pianist again took his seat at the instrument and played another piece, distinguished by the same delicate touch and rapid execution. The Grand Duo from "Elixir d'Amore," by Madame de Wilhorst and Signor Maggiorotti, was given with a sprightliness and vivacity that brought the opera into the concert room, and in answer to reiterated calls it was repeated. Scherzo, from Mendelssohn's Third Symphony in A Minor, closed the first part of the evening's entertainment. After a brief intermission Meyerbeer's "Tackel Tanz," or Torch Dance, was performed by the military band in excellent style. Eckert's "Swiss Song," by Madame Cora de Wilhorst, was full of the true spirit of these mountain airs, the clear ringing distinctness of the upper notes, and the softened repetition dying away like an echo, was in harmony with the Alpine character of the song. The ease and precision with which she took her intervals, and the brilliancy of her repeated shakes, elicited frequent bursts of applause, which was repeated at the close and continued persistently until the audience succeeded in getting a delicious *morceau* that was not set down in the bills. This was a laughing song, and we conscientiously testify that Madame de Wilhorst's laugh is the sweetest and most musical we have ever had the pleasure of hearing. It is ringing in our ears while we write, and we would not object to listen to another peal of that same musical cackling. Mr. Mollenhauser maintained his high reputation as a violinist in the "Fantasia Caprice," an exquisite piece of instrumentation, well calculated to exhibit his perfect command over the instrument, which was warmly applauded by the audience, and also by his brother musicians. His popularity is undeniable, and the audience were determined to exact the tax which always accompanies it; in fact, though Mr. Mollenhauser was down for only one piece, he had to give two. In short, the concert was a decided success, the house was crowded, the orchestra excellent, the chorus good, and the solo performers—vocal and instrumental—admirable.

It is evident from the marked success which attended the first concert that the entire series will be highly popular with our music-loving citizens, and it must be very gratifying to those gentlemen who have devoted their time and attention to the getting-up of these musical entertainments to find that their efforts have been appreciated.

A PLEASANT CLIMATE.—The following is the calendar of a Siberian or Lapland year—June 23, snow melts; July 1, snow gone; July 9, fields quite green; July 17, plants at full growth; July 25, plants in flower; August 2, fruits ripe; August 10, plants shed their seed; August 18, snow, continuing from August 13 to June 23.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

Addresses of Rev. Dr. Manahan and Dr. Huntington.

Two Thousand Persons Present.

[Reported expressly for THE METROPOLITAN RECORD.]

The anniversary of this association was held at the Cooper Institute on Thursday evening, May 19. The spacious lecture hall was crowded, and there could not certainly have been less than two thousand persons present, a large proportion of whom were ladies. Among those who occupied seats on the stage were the following:—Hon. C. P. Daly, Rev. Dr. Manahan, Rev. M. Driscoll, S. J.; Rev. M. Bonayne, S. J.; Rev. Mr. Gockeln, S. J.; Rev. A. Donnelly, Peter Cooper, Esq.; James Redmond, Esq.; Terrence Farley, Esq.; James Murphy, Esq.; Dr. Passmore. There was an excellent Band, whose services were volunteered, and whose music did much to enliven the exercises. It was under the direction of Professor Wernig.

Dr. Finnell introduced Hon. Judge Daly, who, he said, had kindly consented to act as President, an announcement which was met with hearty applause. After a few remarks explanatory of the objects of the Society, Dr. Finnell introduced Rev. Dr. Manahan, whose appearance was greeted with another demonstration of applause. When silence was restored he proceeded to deliver his address, of which the following is a synopsis:—

The Rev. speaker, alluding to the name of the Society, "Catholic Library Association," considered it very happy, as the Church, he said, had in all ages and in all countries built up, or given her support to build up such institutions, and had fostered them with loving care. Let not, therefore, the gentlemen of this Association consider themselves intruders on this domain. It is one of their rightful possessions, where they may feel truly at home, for to their Holy Mother the Church and her solicitude for the improvement of her children they owe their establishment. Speaking of the wide field that lay open to them for discussion—arts, sciences, discoveries, inventions, the whole range of human knowledge—he pleasantly reminded them that in case they wandered beyond their proper sphere and entangled themselves in discussions on matters of faith which are immutable and admit of no debate, they would very soon be apprised of it by some Priest or Bishop, placed like a watchful guardian to warn them of their danger. As an evidence of the universality and popularity of these institutions he referred to the well-known and acknowledged fact that no Monastery, Cathedral or Priest's house was destitute of them. Having alluded to the fact that copies of all valuable books and documents were in former days deposited in these institutions for safe keeping, he proceeded to speak of the treasures of the Vatican.

There, he said, a rare book in any language that could not be found there, and no sooner had a man distinguished himself in any department of science or art, and given the results of that knowledge to the world, than a copy of his work found its way to the Vatican library. Every language sent its representative to the great capital of the universe. Thirty thousand manuscripts in every known tongue were to be found there, and scholars and students from all parts hastened to this great emporium of learning. Middleton, the author of a life of Cicero, and Librarian of one of those great universities of England which were founded by Catholics, having visited all the famous libraries in the cities of the Old World, when writing to a friend, urges him, if seeking for any rare or valuable work, to come direct to Rome, and no matter how scarce or expensive it may be, he will be certain of finding a copy of it there. In fact, said the Rev. speaker, I do not hesitate to say that if by any calamity this whole world were destroyed, with the single exception of Rome, or even the Vatican Hill alone remained, learning could be restored, and man need not fear being thrown back into a state of ignorance. The Church is the nursing mother of all knowledge; under her benign influence Music, Painting and Sculpture, as well as the severer studies, have attained their perfection. It has been asserted that the Fathers destroyed the works of the classic writers. This the Rev. gentleman denied, and proved that to them we are partly indebted for their preservation, imperfect as it is.

When Julian, the apostate, prohibited the early Christians from reading Homer and other classic writers of those times, St. Gregory, Nazianzen, and the early Fathers, protested against it and supplied the deficiency thus created, by works of their own, formed on the same model, and imbued with the same spirit. I do not deny, said the Rev. speaker, that the Church exercised the right of excision; she ruthlessly and righteously cut off all the exceptional passages before placing them in the hands of her children, and what parent would not gladly see her exercising that privilege at the present day, sweeping into annihilation scores of books that had better never been written. After some further remarks, the lecturer gave an interesting and learned sketch of the famous library of Alexandria, from its first accidental destruction by Julius Caesar

when setting fire to the Egyptian fleet, its reconstruction in a different part of the city, and starting anew with 500,000 volumes from the library of Pergamos, to its destruction by the Mussulmen under Amrou, when its treasures were used for heating the baths of Alexandria.

But what endears it especially to us is the remembrance that in the new library Origen taught his Catholic schools. The lecturer then pointed out the scarcity of libraries before the Christian era and the striking contrast presented by their universal establishment wherever Christianity was propagated. In proof that the Church cared not only for the spiritual and intellectual wants of her children, but for their physical comfort, he referred to the beneficence of her rule over slaves observing that he did not shrink from admitting that every religious institution held slaves, that Christianity, on its first entrance into the world, found slavery there as one of its constituent elements, and that in place of freeing the slaves and sending them forth to starve, the Church took hold of them, trained them up like children, upheld them by her powerful hand, taught them trades, and then, when she had enabled them to work their own way in the world, emancipated them. The men thus taught by her, and liberated by her, were called Free Builders, or, in the language of the present day, Free Masons. In conclusion, the Rev. lecturer addressing the members of the Library Association exhorted them to cultivate a love of learning, to remember that nothing was more in accordance with the spirit of the Church, and to emulate the example of St. Gregory Nazianzen, who declared that after the care of his immortal soul there was, in his opinion, but one thing worth living for and that was the acquisition of knowledge—debarred from learning he would not care to live.

The Rev. speaker's remarks were interrupted with frequent applause.

When he had resumed his seat Dr. Huntington was introduced. He spoke as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It has been announced in the programme of the evening that I would read a poem. I have simply to inform you that this announcement is a mistake. The Committee did me the honor to invite me to read a poem before you, but unfortunately for me, the invitation reached me at so late a period that it was impossible to comply with the request. When I say unfortunately for you, and for me also, I say it advisedly, for a poem, read out like a bright sparkling star amid so many addresses in sober prose, would have a better chance of arresting your attention than anything I can say in competition with so much eloquence; while it would doubtless give you, not a relief—for that is not needed—but a happy deliverance from the tedium that the address, which I did promise to make, is too likely to inflict. But if my sober prose to-night, in lieu of the expected and rashly promised poem, has no other merit in your eyes, it shall at least possess that of brevity.

It has been very politely stated to me by the Committee that I was considered to represent Literature and the Press on our platform this evening. While I am perfectly aware that both Literature and the Press could find many a more worthy representative on such an occasion, I am too sensible of the honor of representing either before an audience collected to celebrate the anniversary of the Catholic Library Association, not to meet the intentions of the Committee as exactly as possible. It is, therefore, to these two points that I shall confine myself, namely: How is Catholic Literature interested, how is the Catholic Press interested, in the existence and prosperity of the Catholic Library Association?

Ladies and gentlemen, unless there be such a thing as a Catholic Literature, and unless it be a good and necessary thing, then a Catholic Library Association lacks the first reason of its existence. Surely we have in this great city our share of libraries already. There is the Astor, first in rank, numbering over 100,000 volumes, admirably selected, and free to all the world; there is the Historical Society Library, containing over 20,000 volumes, rich in the history of our country, State and city; there is the New York Society Library, now over one hundred years old, containing between forty and fifty thousand volumes, and which, with its well-furnished reading-room, is accessible on the payment of the moderate sum of six dollars per annum. The Mercantile Library has over fifty thousand volumes, comprising, I believe, rather an inordinate proportion of works of light literature. Besides these, the Union Theological Seminary, a Presbyterian institution, in which I once had the honor of being a student—in the days of my ignorance—has a capital theological library, in a patristic lore, of about 20,000 volumes; the Protestant Episcopal Theological Seminary, in their beautiful, gray, half-monastic pile on Twenty-first street, with its fine old trees and lawn, has a good modern library of Church of England Theology and some volumes of Councils and Fathers, very interesting, and very useful, too; and the libraries of both these institutions are accessible to all scholars properly introduced. The Presbyterian library, in particular, is managed with great liberality; and as for that of the Episcopal Seminary, I owe it a deep and eternal debt of gratitude, for it was within its learned precincts, flung over the vast folios of

Hardouin's Councils and Renaudo's Liturgies, that I convinced myself that the Roman doctrine of Transubstantiation and worshipping of Saints, were doctrines not of the modern Church of Rome only, but of all Christian antiquity, not of the modern Latin Communion—the Roman obedience as I had been taught to call it—but of all the branches of the ecumenical Church of Christ, without to be by the heretics of the East, by Armenian, Jacobite, Cop, Photian alike, and propounded under anathema by that vast communion of the Greeks, which for eight centuries had flung its defiance at the See of Rome! I would not be understood to say one word, therefore, in disparagement of these collections of books, and the worst I shall ever wish their owners and keepers is a little light from above to understand the contents of those treasures, which they seem to keep, as the dragon of old guarded the orchard of the Hesperides. They keep the fruit of the tree of knowledge, it is true; but they do not eat of it as freely as they might, without any injury to themselves.

But are these excellent libraries sufficient for us? They are not, and why? It is because they do not comprise a collection, not even a poor collection, much less a complete collection, of the living Catholic literature of the age. Ask in the Astor Library for Rohrbacher's History of the Church, for Hurter's Innocent III, or the philosophical works of De Bonald—you will not find them. Yet Rohrbacher's History is, perhaps, the most remarkable achievement of the erudition and genius of the Nineteenth century, and as for De Bonald, he has created a school. Catholic Philosophy, History, Polemics, Science, are a vast intellectual field, in which these libraries get together but few Protestants, however learned and liberal, possess only accidental fragments. In what library in New York will you find the admirable works of Father Ventura on Philosophy and Politics, or the Conferences of Lacordaire, or the Treatises of Balme and Goevres? The choicest books these libraries possess are doubtless written by Catholics, and are invaluable to Catholic scholars; but they do not, and they cannot, keep up with the Catholic Literature of the age, which we appreciate at once, but which they will only appreciate some twenty years hence. When the great Catholic writers of the day have taken their permanent rank with the Bossuets, with the Suarez, with the Fleury's of the past, their works will be found in the magnificent alcoves of the Astor; but we cannot afford to wait till then.

On the other hand, in the periodical literature, this difference is still more striking. The New York Society and the Mercantile Library are the only ones which have a reading-room devoted to the periodical press. The reading-room of the latter library is quite rich in foreign papers. We find there The Journal de Debats, The Independance Belge, The Opinioe, of Turin, The Allgemeine Zeitung, and various other celebrated journals of the continent of Europe, and quite a number of foreign Reviews; but the Catholic press is represented in this library, as it is in the New York Society reading-room, by Brownson, the Dublin and a few of our weekly newspapers. I looked in vain for The Univers, the Correspondant, The Gazette de France, The Armonia, The Civiltà Cattolica, or The Tablet, The Register, The Rambler, or The Atlantic. And yet some of these, for talent, vigor, learning, and mastery of all great questions, are, not to say surpassed, but equalled, by no other journals that exist. It is a matter of the deepest concern to us that this splendid periodical literature of the Catholic world should be made accessible to ourselves and to our countrymen, as it only can be on the tables of a metropolitan reading-room. It ought to be a first object with us, we should never rest till we have achieved it—that the reading-room of the Catholic Library Association should offer a complete collection of the Catholic periodical literature of the world; I mean with all those reviews, magazines, weekly and daily papers, published in whatever language, and in whatever part of the world, which raise the Catholic flag and avow the Catholic standpoint. But, even short of this, we may arrive at a position infinitely better than anything we have now, viz. if we have only all the leading publications, the representatives of Catholic opinion, and which have attained a world-wide renown. I say it is a disgrace to us that there is no public reading-room in the great city of New York, the Metropolis of America, a city in which nearly sixty human languages are actually spoken, not a single public library, I say, in this great city, in which you can find on the tables a single Catholic journal or review published on the Continent of Europe. We have not even The Atlantis, the official publication of the Catholic University of Ireland, and the articles of which display an ability and a learning, a profound and accurate scholarship, joined to a vigor and originality of thought, which place it at the head of all the theological and literary reviews published in the English language, and seem to promise to bring back the time when Ireland was the chief seat of learning in Western Europe, and poured out a flood of light, and sent out her scholars to civilize and instruct the yet barbarous England and the yet unilluminated France.

The influence of a reading-room supplied with all this high-toned Catholic periodical literature would be to raise the standard of our own Catholic press.

In domestic questions, the Catholic press of America has ever shown itself equal to its great and holy mission; but we deceive ourselves if we suppose that domestic questions are those which are alone important to us, and certainly we do not yet discuss other questions well. The most shameful fallacies, and the most injurious to our religion, and in the end to our rights as citizens, are constantly assumed by the so-called secular press, and hardly a voice is raised to expose them. I do not mean to say that this is the fault of our editors, for no one knows better than I do the immense difficulties with which they have to contend; it is far more, I will say it boldly, the fault of the Catholic public. We are too little familiar with the noble and courageous conflicts of Catholic publicists in Europe to appreciate courage and truth on this side of the water, even in defence of our most sacred interests. Consider the immense interests that are now at stake upon the theatre of war in Europe, and how deeply the Catholics of the United States are concerned in the great struggle; consider, too, how utterly that contest is misunderstood here, at least so far as the temporal government of the Roman States is involved and you will all feel, I am sure, that we cannot afford—we American Catholics—not to study the question with all the lights of our European brethren to aid us. On the other hand, we can give them a light in regard to it, which only American Catholics possess. We know something by experience about the practical working of what is called Representative Government; so called for the reason, I suppose, that nobody is fairly represented, and that the private interests and personal rights are sacrificed by it to the selfish domination of party, to gratify the ambition and satiate the cupidity of designing politicians and scheming speculators. The Neapolitans may live under King Bomba, but we know something about King Caucus, and though the powers of legislation may seem to be vested by our paper constitutions in Assemblies and Congresses, we have all heard a little about the practical way of managing these things by a self-elected lobby. It amuses us, in fact, when in one column of the renowned Herald we read a passage of fine declamation about the rotten dynasties of Europe, about selfish crowns, and worn-out monarchies, and the misgovernment of the Papal States, and so on, and in the next column find that our own country is on the verge of revolution, that all parties are rotten and disorganized and demoralized, that Congress is corrupt, that the Senate is a mere focus of intrigues for the Presidency, that the interests and honor of our country have been systematically betrayed in order to serve some aspirant for the succession, or neglected in the selfish squabble for the spoils; that the State government is no better than the Federal, but is become a mere tool for a rail-road clique to rob the people, and that the Municipal administration of the City of New York is worst of all, being a perfect den of plunder, speculation, dishonesty, waste of the public money, profligate sale of contracts, bribery, judicial corruption and utter neglect of all the public interests; that we are enormously taxed, merely to feed and enrich a set of hungry harpies, a nest of treasury vampires, while the streets reek with garbage and pollution, the police are allied with sharpshooters and prostitutes, and the judges are in league with burglars and assassins, with bullies, rowdies and shelter-hiders; that no honest man can venture into a primary election, and that to crown all, the city accounts can't be made to balance; that we have no water to drink, unless we will go into a liquor-store to get it, or can take a swig from a bricklayer's hose; that we are not protected in our lives or property, and in short, New York is a petty pandemonium! It strikes us that if this is true, and since it is in the papers of course it is true, something should be said in favor of the system of the Roman States, and that the Holy Father is probably right in waiting for further developments before he changes completely the government which has existed there for 1000 years past, to re-cast it upon the plan which is found in our so-called here.

When I hear diatribes of New York, and see their public papers, declaiming in this style against the really intolerable corruptions and vices of our own government, and almost going the length of declaring Republicanism a failure, and when I hear them next advising the Pope, I say, to grant a new constitution to his people, I am forcibly reminded of the story of an English Peer who stuttered very badly, and who having read in the papers an advertisement of a man who offered for £10 to cure any stammerer, went and was cured. The next day he met a stammering friend, who addressed him, "My L-rd, how do you do?" "My dear f-r-iend?" replied the noble Lord, playing the infirmity of the other, "how you st-utter! Why don't you go to the man who cu-cured me?"—"We are not so well c-e-cured after all, that we can yet safely recommend the nostrum to others."

I may as well say on that head, though it is a digression from my subject, that I have been trying very hard for the last fifteen years to lay my hand upon some fact of mis-government in the Papal States, and I have not found one yet. I have read a million of times in the English and American papers, that the States of the Church are wretchedly mis-governed, but I have never seen a single statement of fact that substantiated

METROPOLITAN RECORD.

JOHN MULLALLY.....Editor and Proprietor.

It will be the object of this Journal to supply the Catholic portion of the community with all the important and interesting news of the Catholic world, and particularly with information in regard to events and occurrences connected with the Church in the United States.

It is designed to make *The Record* a good and desirable family journal, and it will, therefore, contain a great variety of useful, interesting, and instructive reading matter. Its readers will also be duly informed of the progress of events in the secular as well as the religious world.

The progress of Catholic Educational Institutions will meet with that attention to which they are entitled by their importance. Church Dedications occurring in and about the city of New York, will be fully and accurately reported.

Due care and attention will be given to the Literary Department, and new publications reviewed or noticed, as their character and pretensions may deserve.

Each number will contain one or two stories; and it will be the design of the Editor to make his Miscellaneous reading both entertaining and instructive.

The editorial columns will be devoted to a discussion of the prominent topics of the day, and all other subjects that properly come within the scope of such a journal. No part will be taken in political controversy, nor in the disputes between partisan politicians.

The business department will be carried on with that strict attention to all its details, without which no paper can expect to succeed, no matter how liberally supported, or how ably conducted; and all the business transactions of the establishment will be conducted on a cash basis.

In conclusion, the Editor refers with pride and pleasure to the following letter of approval from the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York:

NEW YORK, NOV. 8, 1853.

"DEAR SIR: I have read carefully your plan of a Catholic paper, and approve of the same in all its parts. Its scope is new and comprehensive, and will fill up a chasm without necessarily interfering with other papers already established. You have my sanction to proceed with as little delay as possible, and you shall have my approbation and support.

"Yours, faithfully, in Christ,
+ JOHN, Archbishop of New York."

This Journal will be published weekly at No. 371 Broadway, and delivered to city and mail subscribers on the following terms:

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 To transient advertisers..... 15¢ cents per line.
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No paper will be sent till the receipt of the subscription.

All orders sent to the Publication Office, No. 371 Broadway, will be promptly attended to.

ED. DUNIGAN & BRO.,

(JAMES B. KIRKER), Publisher.

NEW YORK, MAY 28, 1859.

FAIR PLAY IS A JEWEL.

There was a time not very remote—at least, in the history of this country—when the cry of politicians and secular newspapers was that the State should not interfere with the Church, and that the Church should simply mind its own business, without interfering with the State. This plausible theory was of course adapted to the condition of the people composing the United States of America, in which it had been agreed from the beginning that the Church might move freely in its own sphere, and the State, without troubling the Church, should carry on its own independent operations in its own ways. The Church, as an aggregate, has not interfered with the State in this country, barring a few fanatical exhibitions of individual clergymen in the combination of signatures to an address warning the supreme government of the dangers that menaced the nation from the vengeance of divine wrath, unless Congress should avert the calamity by adopting in good time the advice of the reverend gentlemen who affected to be the interpreters of the Divine Will.

These misplaced and undignified efforts on the part of the clergy were treated by Congress and the Government as they deserved to be—that is to say, they were read and ridiculed. So far as this country is concerned, it is quite certain that the clergy and the Church—whatever may be meant by the Church in the United States—are not, and are not allowed to be a potential influence in the management of our national affairs. The reverend gentlemen who took part in the movement referred to, and who, indeed, are disposed to take part in every social and political question, have settled down between two stools. The Government did not espouse their views; their own congregations, to a cer-

tain extent, began to suspect, ignore and despise their clerical ministry.

On the other hand, the secular department of the question has kept no faith with the implied obligation, to the effect that, provided the Church did not interfere with them, they would leave the Church free to manage its own spiritual affairs in its own way. When we say spiritual affairs, we do not disguise that the spiritual relations of the Church naturally and necessarily dovetail themselves into the secular order of human governments. It would follow, therefore, that the Church has a relation to the State, and the State in its secular capacity even in this country to the Church.

How, then, does it happen that every secular newspaper feels itself at liberty to plunge into the depths of spiritual and ecclesiastical order as appertaining exclusively to the Church? How is it that the secular press arrogates to itself all the privileges, at least so far as writing is concerned, which would belong under our Constitution to some high tribunal like the Court of Appeals in this State, or the Supreme Court in the federal Constitution? How is it that all, or nearly all of our secular papers, pitch into the rights of the Church, in every country, always excepting England, whose national Church is the most grinding and oppressive in the world? How is it that the robbers of the Catholic Church in every country are the heroes of our secular press? How is it that there appears to be a universal conspiracy in the secular press to authorize spoliation, pillage and plunder of the Catholic Church wherever its people have not been already reduced to the lowest condition?

These views are presented in our secular press as applicable to foreign nations. In our own country the Catholics have not accumulated a sufficient amount of ecclesiastical property to be worthy of plunder. But the time possibly may come, when, as was announced during a late anniversary of the societies of New York, the enemies of the Church may find it convenient to appropriate to themselves whatever the Catholics may have done for the promotion of their own religion.

The animus of the secular press, however, is manifested in their comments on foreign countries. At home they are tender enough, except where the Catholics are concerned. They side in the main with the vested rights of Trinity Church. They sustain even the feudal tenure of rights secured to the patron of Albany. They are in general great sticklers for legal rights in all the States of the Union.

But how is it that when an *Espartero* turns up in Spain, a *Cavour* in Sardinia, a *Juarez* in Mexico, or a church-robber in any other country, the secular press generally stands by the head of those who would despoil their fellow-citizens of rights, both civil and ecclesiastical, secured to them by the constitution and laws of their respective countries. Might not those rights be sustained by the secular press on the same principle which authorizes them to sustain the claims of Trinity Church, and of the Van Rensselaer property? Even lately we have seen a fling against the Pope for having recommended the religious portions of the Austrian empire to sustain their government and their country in the prosecution of the present war. There is no evidence that the Holy Father has made any such recommendation. The religious, as well as any other portion of the Austrian Empire, are no doubt imbued with the instincts of patriotism that are common to the inhabitants of all nations. So far as outsiders can perceive, Austria is prosecuting only the vindication of her long recognized and established rights. No one can foretell the result of the contest. But no matter what it may be, it is very clear that Austria acts in

good faith on the authority of established and long recognized treaties.

The plundering party are on the side of Sardinia, whose Prime Minister, *Cavour*, is said to have received a Calvinistic education at Geneva. This, no doubt, will make him very popular with the saints of Exeter Hall. But he is not a great man nor a great statesman; and the probability is, that between the French and the Austrians he will be snuffed out, leaving no aromatic fragrance in connection with his exit.

Napoleon III, a real character of the present belligerent movement, is an anomaly. His uncle rose from the rank of a corporal. He turned in among the ranks of revolutionists. France was engaged in war when he appeared—and therefore France appreciated his military services, because at first he espoused her cause, although afterwards he turned it into the cause of his own family tribes. France, as such, had no quarrel with other nations when the present Emperor entered the field. She adopted him for sake of domestic tranquility. Her national pride will never be roused into action, simply to promote the interests of Louis Napoleon and his domestic *clintante*. It will be a wonder if before the end of the present war the nations of Europe will not provide for him an iron cage, more stringent than that which they provided for his really eminent, powerful, patriotic, but above all, selfish uncle.

The Catholics, at all events, in the United States and throughout the world, ought to hold their judgment in suspense, for the present time at least. We had intended to enter more at large into the questions which are involved in the present belligerent controversy; but time and space admonish us to bring this article to an abrupt conclusion. We shall return to the subject, however, at a future period.

A COMPARISON OF THE RESULTS OF CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT MISSIONARY LABORS IN INDIA.

When in England, some years ago, we were invited by a friend to spend a few days at the residence of the Protestant Vicar of Tansor, in Northamptonshire. There, in the library where Bishop Middleton, the first Protestant Bishop of India, had written his learned work on the Greek Article, and at other times, as we walked along the banks of the Nen, we talked with a friend over the state of Christianity in India, the little which Protestantism had done to advance its cause, and the glorious triumphs of Catholicity in the kingdoms of the East. The subject of this conversation has now been re-called by reading an article in *Blackwood's Magazine* for April, in which the writer seems to pour out the vials of his indignation on a Mr. Kaye, who has published a work on Christianity in India, in which he speaks, according to the author of the article, in too favorable terms of the labors of St. Francis Xavier and other Catholic missionaries in India. As if to do away with the effect the statements of Mr. Kaye may produce on the mind of the reader, he gives a summary of what the Established Church has done there, and the work which it is still carrying on. But even this can present in itself no very favorable retrospect. The early days of the "Merchant Adventurers" bring to our notice old John Mendelso, who gives an account of how prayers were usually said in the President House "twice a day, and on Sunday thrice." He, however, relates some circumstances which show at least that in those Puritanical days some "merry men" were left, for after prayers on Friday the Governor invited them to drink their wives' healths, where "some made advantage of this meeting to get more than they could well carry away." The ingredients of this exhilarating potion is also told us. It consisted of aqua-

vite, rose-water, juice of citrons and sugar. This they imbibed every Friday after prayers, to banish the sad thoughts which the day always brought to their mind, for it was on this day they had parted from their homes and bid adieu to their friends.

From the epoch of "*Pale Punt*" (so the beverage was called) we turn to those of the chaplains, who, being all appointed by the government, seemed to possess equal authority and were always at loggerheads with each other. Lord Wellesley, when Governor-General of India, considered Mr. David Brown, who was the senior chaplain, as head of the church. But about this gentleman there appears to have been something wrong. He had been ordained deacon according to the Protestant formularies before leaving England, and as the delay and expense of a voyage homeward would have been too great, the Archbishop of Canterbury sends him an *authorization* to act as a priest, thus dispensing with the "rite of ordination." This fact came to the ears of a Mr. Shephard, another chaplain, who refused to recognize Mr. Brown's jurisdiction, and was reprimanded by the Military Secretary for not doing so. This Mr. Shephard had once been an officer, and the spirit of the dragoon broke through the stuff gown of the chaplain, and he challenged the military gentleman who had administered a spiritual rebuke to him. Whether they met in mortal combat or not we are not able to state.

A Bishop seemed to be the only remedy for this state of things. After some discussion in Parliament, Bishop Middleton was nominated the first Protestant Bishop of Calcutta. He was a good Greek scholar, and had long fattened on the preferments which had been heaped on him in England. Those he was sent to digest in India, where they seem to have taken the shape of brick and mortar, for he hoped to convert the nation by making the Established Church appear venerable and dignified in the eyes of the people, and this was to be done by large churches. Bishop Middleton, who died without effecting much, was succeeded by Dr. Heber, the gentleman and the scholar, who by the amiableness of his disposition and the charms of his poetry seems to have disarmed all opposition. He has left a journal of his travels, and a few extracts from this will show how little Protestantism has effected in India. At Benares, where there was a population of 583,000, he confirmed 14; the number of Christians were about 100, and these, he shows, were not made so in consequence of sermons or other instructions of the missionaries, for speaking of Chumar, he says:

"The labors of the missionaries have, after all, been confined to the wives of the British soldiers, who have already lost caste by marriage, or to such Mussulmans or Hindoos as, of their own accord, prompted by curiosity or a better motive, have come to their schools and churches. These," he states, "were mere inquirers after truth, for of actual converts, except soldiers' wives, I have met but very few." (2d ed., vol. 1, p. 395.)

"Instances of actual conversion to Christianity," he writes, "are very rare." * * * "Very few have embraced Christianity. At Agra all the Christians of that district are described as being of European descent."

But we shall not dwell on this painful state of things, nor shall we refer to the Episcopate of Bishop Wilson, who died lately, for his days have been too much surrounded with the halo and gloss of the missionary orators, who have by these means been enabled to make sundry forays on the pockets of the old ladies of England. Amongst all their laborers there is only one whom they venture to compare with St. Francis Xavier. This was Henry Martyn. His account of the state of things which he had witnessed shows the sterility of Protestant missions and the little good which they effected. He appears to have been the most active amongst their missionaries, and to have won more personal esteem than any others. He shows that though he had a considerable audience, the fruit of all his

labors was the making of one or two converts.

"The service was in Hindostanee, the number of women present was not above one hundred. Notwithstanding the great apathy with which they seemed to receive everything, two or three, I am sure, understood and felt something, but not a single creature beside them, European or native, was present."

All abandoned him, when he reproved them for unbecoming behaviour at public worship. The following is the history of his success:

"After a long time one woman, wishing to be married, applied to him for baptism, but not finding her disposed, he refused to admit her. Another, who always attended, and was even moved to tears at his sermons, refused to confer with him. At Cawnpore he baptized one old Hindoo woman, who, though very ignorant, was very humble."

One other conversion is all that his biographer pretends to attribute to him during his mission in Persia and India. Well may a Protestant writer in this country, if this be the state of things, calculate that the number of missionaries necessary to convert India alone is 30,000.

The plan of arguing in platonous was not followed by the apostles. Far different was their mode of acting, and that of the Catholic Church, in all ages. St. Francis Xavier, the Apostle of India, prosecuted his labors in a very different manner. We extract from the work of Mr. Kaye the following account of the result of the missionary work of St. Francis Xavier:

"The proselytes of Francis Xavier are numbered by his followers, not by tens, but by hundreds of thousands. He is said to have converted seven hundred thousand unbelievers to the Christian faith. His converts were drawn from all classes, from princes to pariahs."

But, making large deductions on this score, there still remains a formidable balance of nominal Christianity to be carried to the account of the apostle. His superhuman energies seem to have been attended with almost miraculous results. Idols fell at his approach; churches rose at his bidding; and the sign of the cross became the recognized symbol of fellowship among the inmates of entire villages. From Goa he travelled southward to the pearl fisheries of Cape Comorin, and after succouring the poor people who had been driven thence to the shores of the Straits of Manar, returned to the western coast and commenced his labors with extraordinary energy and success in Travancore. According to his own account he baptized ten thousand heathens in a single month, carrying on the holy work till he could no longer articulate the words of the formula, or raise his hand to perform the office. Then he took ship for the eastern isles, visited Malacca, Amboyna, Ternate, Java; and, after a while, returned to visit his churches in Southern India, and to prepare himself for a great crusade against the heathens of Japan. In less than two years were spent in this holy war; many strange adventures he encountered, many converts he made, and many churches he established; but his career was now drawing to a close. He returned to Goa, and there in council with one Iago Pereira, captain of the vessel which had carried the apostle on his strange and perilous voyage from Japan, formulated the plan of his last and greatest enterprise. But he never reached the fabled land. Difficulties beset the enterprise. The apostle of the Jesuits was landed at the Island of Sancian, and there, as he was about to join, full of heart and hope, a Siamese embassy of which he had gained tidings, and thus added to penetrate into the interior of the Celestial Empire, the Lord was put to rest. To stay his triumphant career; the Divine mandate, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further," was issued to that lowly, well-prepared servant of God; he met the summons with rapture, and on the bare beach, or beneath a miserable shed which sheltered him neither from the heat by day nor from the cold by night, he closed a life of agony and bliss, of humiliation and of triumph, with scarcely a parallel in the history of the world."

Bishop Heber, whom we have already quoted as showing the little fruit which attends Protestant missions, thus speaks of Catholics. In the north of India, where he could not find more than one hundred Protestants, he says the native Catholics of the Christian persuasion amount to many thousands. The town of Tannah is principally inhabited by either converted natives or Portuguese.

A Parliamentary document laid before the House of Commons in England, a few years back, gives the number of Catholics in one Diocese of Malabar at thirty-five thousand, while another Diocese is said in the same return to contain one hundred and twenty-seven thousand Catholic natives. A Protestant English missionary states that in the town of Tinnervelly there are thirty thousand Catholics, and that the inhabitants of another village have all been converted to the Catholic religion.

The Protestant, Henry Martin, already referred to, thus writes:

"Colonel W., who is writing an account of the Portuguese in this settlement, told me the population of the Portuguese territory was two hundred and sixty thou-

sand, of which number two hundred thousand were Christians. The Governor of Bombay, whom I begged to interest himself and procure all the information he could on the subject, writes that at Bombay there are twenty thousand Christians, at Sabalee twenty-one thousand, and in this place forty-one thousand, consequently, using the Malabar language." (Pp. 330.)

These were natives, and consequently Catholics. If from Protestant testimony we turn to our own, we find the Abbe DuBois, in his examination before the House of Commons, stating that the native Catholic converts in all Asia is about one million two hundred thousand, and he supposes one half of these to be in the peninsula of India. According to his estimate the distribution is as follows: From Goa to Cape Comorin, three hundred and thirty thousand; in the province of Mysore, the Deccan, Madura and the Carnatic, one hundred and twenty thousand, and one hundred and sixty thousand in the Island of Ceylon.

If the most illiterate person compare these statements together, he will see what Protestantism has done in India, and what Catholicity has also effected. One bears on it the stamp of its Divine Master going forth conquering and to conquer; the other, whilst she gives to her missionaries one thousand five hundred dollars per year, together with two hundred dollars for the support of their wives, and one hundred dollars for the support of each of their children, does, according to her own testimony, comparatively nothing. The chaplains receive five thousand dollars per annum for assisting them, and one of their Bishops—Bishop Carr—has been appointed Rector of Bath, in England, where his health will be restored and his declining years cheered by drinking its salubrious waters. We have not spoken of other religious bodies in India, for as Bishop Heber observes:

"Except in Calcutta itself, and its neighborhood, there is actually no sect worth naming except the Church of England."

OUR CATHOLIC INSTITUTIONS.

We are glad to learn from letters we have from time to time received that the articles which have appeared in *The Record* descriptive of our Catholic Institutions have been read with such general satisfaction. It is the first time that any extended or complete accounts have been published in regard to them, and it is no slight encouragement to us to hear that our efforts in endeavoring to make them better known are so highly appreciated. As one of our correspondents appears to be somewhat apprehensive that they will not be continued, we take this opportunity of allaying his fears on the subject. Let us say that so far from discontinuing the articles on our Catholic Institutions we have really published more extended accounts of them during the past three or four weeks than have appeared in *The Record* in the same space of time since the publication of the first number. Our correspondent would not certainly exclude the Christian Brothers' schools from the list of our Catholic Institutions, and we have no doubt that while regretting the absence of the others he has read our detailed report of the examination of their pupils with both pride and pleasure. They are certainly among the most important, and we believe our readers will agree with us when we say that they should be brought more prominently before the public than they have heretofore been.

And now a few words as to our other Catholic Institutions. It is our intention, as we have said, not only to continue our accounts of these, but to describe them in full, so that our citizens of all denominations may have an opportunity of knowing what Catholics are doing in the practical works of Christianity. We are aware, and we say it with pleasure, that there are a considerable number of Protestants among our subscribers, and it is our desire that

they should know something at least of the practical operations of the Catholic Church in this great city. Even the majority of Catholics themselves have but a dim idea of what the Church is doing in their midst in those various ways which are so illustrative, and at the same time so indicative of the universality of her character. She is never indifferent to the demands of education, of charity, and of true religion, and there are no people who are more ready, to the extent of their means, than her children to provide in these respects for the wants of those who are unable to provide for themselves. The day is fast approaching when the slanders and misstatements that have been published by her enemies will no longer deceive people, and when Protestants, investigating the facts for themselves, will reject them with the contempt they deserve.

When we shall have completed the grateful and pleasing duty which we have undertaken, it is our design to collect all the articles on our Catholic Institutions and to publish them complete, in book form. We will be able in this way to show that there is in our Metropolis no denomination of Christians who have accomplished so much for the interests of religion, of education, of virtue and of benevolence—which is a truly Catholic quality—than the Catholic Church. We trust our fair correspondent will, therefore, rest satisfied with this assurance, and that he will not exclude the schools of the Christian Brothers from the list of "Catholic Institutions."

CATHOLIC INSTITUTIONS FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

We publish in another part of the present number of *The Record* an exceedingly interesting account of the first communion of deaf Mutes at the Academy of St. Mary's, Indiana. The establishment of such institutions in our midst, is but another added to the many proofs of the progress of the Catholic Church in this country, and of her efforts for the benefit of those whose poverty, or whose physical and mental defects render them unable to provide for, or take care of, themselves. It must indeed have been a gratifying spectacle to see those "silent little ones" partaking of the Bread of Life, and to know that they are under the kind care of those who, so far as human ability permits, will not only attend to their physical necessities, but also to their spiritual wants.

In addition to the Institution at St. Mary's there is another for the education of the Deaf and Dumb, which was but recently established at Notre Dame du Lac, Indiana, under the charge of the Society of Notre Dame du Lac. It is the intention, we are also informed, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross to open another school of the same kind, and we are pleased in being able to state that they are now prepared to receive any number of deaf Mutes who may be confided to their care.

We would ask the earnest attention of our readers to this account, and in connection therewith, the story of the Deaf and Dumb boy will be read with still greater interest than it might otherwise possess.

BROOKLYN ORPHAN ASYLUM.—The Treasurer of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum takes pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the Easter collections from the following churches:

St. James Cathedral.....	\$436 26
St. Paul's.....	346 22
St. Mary's Star of the Sea.....	340 04
St. Peter and Paul, E. D.....	221 39
St. Charles Borromeo.....	201 40
Assumption of Blessed Virgin Mary.....	152 06
St. Patrick's.....	150 09
Our Lady of Mercy.....	125 50
St. Joseph's.....	117 12
Immaculate Conception, E. D.....	92 65
Visitation of Blessed Virgin Mary.....	84 38
Holy Trinity, E. D.....	82 18
St. John's.....	41 67
St. Michael's, Flushing.....	61 92
New Brooklyn.....	5 00

Total.....\$2,916 70
MICHAEL NEVIN, Treasurer.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

FIRST COMMUNION OF DEAF MUTES AT ST. MARY'S, ST. JOSEPH CO., INDIANA.—We have received the following exceedingly interesting account of the first communion of Deaf Mutes at this truly Catholic institution, from a correspondent who writes over the signature of "Visitor." Such intelligence will be always welcome to our columns, and we have no doubt will prove most acceptable to our readers. We trust, therefore, that our correspondent may have many an opportunity of becoming a frequent visitor. Accounts of the practical operations of our holy religion, and matters of fact connected with its progress, no matter how brief, are worth dozens of long philosophico-religious essays that are often without either point or purpose. But here is the account, and we will merely add that as a fitting sequel, or introduction, whichever the reader pleases, the story of the "Deaf and Dumb Boy," which will be found in another part of *The Record*, may be read with both profit and pleasure.

In my travels westward, I called at the institutions of the "Society of the Holy Cross," Notre Dame du Lac, and St. Mary's, situated near South Bend, Indiana. These institutions, now so well known, are but of recent origin. They have a full complement of pupils, and, indeed, are well deserving the patronage so liberally extended to them. Everything around you here bears the impress of order and regularity, and whilst the pupils of both establishments seem to enjoy themselves as young ladies and gentlemen usually do in time of relaxation, yet there is a decidedly grave and composed air about them, in their literary as well as their religious exercises.

The Month of Mary is celebrated here with extraordinary zeal and devotion, and both houses seem to emulate each other in their demonstrations of love and admiration for our Holy Mother. Much as I had heard of the beauty and variety of the literary and religious exhibitions so frequent in both places, I was quite taken by surprise at the novelty of the scene I witnessed on Sunday, the 1st inst. It was the day appointed for the first Communion of the Deaf Mutes at the Academy of St. Mary's. They had been previously instructed in the principal mysteries of our holy religion, by one of the Fathers of the Society. I was present at their final examination and preparation for the Sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist, and I must say that the responses made by these interesting children would have done credit to the more favored Alumnæ of the other classes. All those children are both deaf and dumb, yet such was their eagerness and assiduity in preparing themselves, that their instructors had but comparatively little difficulty in imparting to them the necessary information.

Early on the morning of the happy day which was to bring to them the heavenly manna, they appeared in the Convent Chapel clothed in white, fit emblem of the purity of their souls. Mass was sung by the Father Provincial, Very Rev. E. Sorin, who addressed the pupils on the dispositions necessary for a worthy reception of the life-giving Sacrament. His words made a deep impression upon all, and though the Mutes who were the interesting objects of the ceremonies, could not understand the words, they seemed much affected by the earnestness of the Rev. Father.

At length the solemn moment arrived; they advance to the holy table, each accompanied by a taper-bearer, they kneel, and receive for the first time their Lord and their God, who at this moment compensates them for the deprivation of those faculties which so many abuse. On retiring joy and delight beamed in their speaking countenances, many were moved to tears by the extreme piety and recollection of the now happy mutes. This was, indeed, a sight on which the Queen of Angels looked with complacency, as the first fruits of her lovely month at St. Mary's.

Would that we could witness the same consoling spectacle throughout the land, wherever this unfortunate class of isolated beings is found. But, alas! but little has been done as yet for the amelioration of their condition. They have been left wholly to the philanthropy of the government. But, should it not become an object of the conscientious duty of Catholics to aid in placing these poor children where they can be instructed in the duties of our holy faith? If we guard with jealous care the little prattlers of the fire-

their first communion from the hands of the Bishop himself. The young girls were dressed completely in white, and, with the boys, presented a most edifying spectacle. There were besides this however, a large number of other communicants. After the Communion the Confirmation took place, preceded by an explanation of the character of the Sacrament from the Right Rev. Bishop. At eleven o'clock Mass was sung by Rev. Mr. Moran, the Bishop preaching the sermon. This closed the religious services of the morning; but at half-past three the congregation again assembled, increased by the addition of a considerable number of visitors from Philadelphia, and by the members of other religious denominations.

The ceremony of blessing the bell concluded, the Right Rev. Bishop proceeded to deliver the lecture, which was substantially as follows:—I had intended, said he, my dear brethren, before proceeding to the blessing of the bell to have said a few words with regard to the ceremony. As I did not do so, however, I will now endeavor to make up for the omission. I consider this explanation especially necessary, because to many of you it is quite novel, and although it is true that from your general knowledge of the meaning of the Church and of the object she has in view, yet the greater part of you have no doubt been struck with its peculiar character. In the blessing of a bell she uses more ceremonies than in the blessing of ordinary things, and you may have been struck also with the similitude which it bears in many respects to the administration of the Sacrament of Baptism. It is perhaps owing to the use of holy oil in the blessing of a bell that the custom of speaking of the baptism of bells is attributed. But such an expression is entirely inapplicable, and has often afforded ground for the ridicule and sneers of those who do not belong to the Catholic Church. The term "baptism" is entirely unauthorized in this sense, there is no such expression in the Ritual and the use of any such is therefore calculated to lead to false and erroneous impressions. But still, though the Church does not mean to baptize a bell, yet she does mean to pronounce a very solemn blessing or benediction. This fact would strike one as something strange. You can understand why the Church should bless a church, and in so doing should make use of holy water and employ ceremonies. This you can understand; but why bestow such a peculiar form of blessing on a bell? To us Catholics who can understand what is meant by the Church, it would be a sufficient answer to say that she directs it to be done. We may rightly suppose that she has a sufficient object in view, though we cannot comprehend nor explain it. The prayers, however, are so simple, so beautiful, so full of meaning, that the object is made plain to the dullest understanding. Indeed, I wish that they had been in English for you, so that you might have been enabled to follow me in the ceremony, and to understand the beautiful figures with which it abounds. We know that through the means of material agents, as in the case of the brazen serpent and the trumpets, at the sound of which the walls of Jericho fell down, great things were wrought. I am aware that this belongs to an order of ideas that does not meet with any great favor now-a-days. Men do not like to hear the Church spoken of as having spiritual power over individuals. No! they would put faith in tipping tables and spiritual mediums, but they are skeptical with regard to the revelations of the Deity. I could give you instances of God's using inanimate things to exert supernatural influences. It is one of the strangest things now-a-days as connected with religious matters, that although men acknowledge the benefits Christianity has conferred upon the world, and claim to be very religious, that there is a strong disposition to deny all intermediate influences in spiritual concerns. They will tell you that you must not depend upon a man or upon sacraments, but that you must go right to God himself; and there are hundreds of thousands of men who, when they hear such remarks say, "that's common sense," and they add, "what is the use of having anything between us and God?" Now, this would, perhaps, be reasonable if there was any foundation for it, but then it is in direct opposition to every circumstance connected with religion from the beginning of time to the present moment. There is no period in the history of the world under any dispensation when God has ever communicated

with man, except through secondary agencies. Was it not so in the early days, in the days of the patriarchs and under the Jewish dispensation, and was it not re-minutely so in the Christian Church? Why, those very persons who talk in this manner speak as if they had laid up in their brains the concentrated wisdom of the world. They say that men want nothing more than their Bibles, but is not this something between God and man; here is a mass of paper and printers' ink placed between the creature and the Creator. God, my beloved brethren, has made use of material things to teach us, and has done so at all times. There is in this a sort of latent infidelity, a concealed skepticism, productive of the most serious consequences. Such men do not in reality believe much of anything, because what they really mean to deny is that God would act in this way. But how has God acted? Has He not always acted by means of secondary things. We should be very careful not to look upon the circumstances which God makes use of as unimportant or trifling, because we know the smallest or most insignificant things are often made the instruments of His power. We can imagine nothing more simple than a brazen serpent, and yet we read that as soon as the people looked upon it they were healed. Then we read in relation to the bones of a prophet, that when a dead body touched them it was at once restored to life. And so in regard to the sacraments of the Church. What is more simple than a little water, and yet we believe that when it is poured upon the head of a child a change takes place in the soul of that child, in comparison with which all the changes that have ever occurred in the material universe are as nothing. We should consider, therefore, nothing as trifling or slight because it seems so to us. In order to understand the full meaning and importance of such things, we should look at them from the Catholic point of view, and we should know that whatever the Church does is for the good of the souls of men. When material things have her mark upon them their value is changed to an immense degree.

There is another point in connection with this matter, which is very interesting and eminently practical in these days. It is the advantage—the spiritual advantage, I would say—conveyed to men by the use of material things, like a bell, for instance, that reminds them of God. It is difficult to realize the great religious benefits which are conferred through their means. We all know how we are affected by external matter even in our every-day life, and if we look into this thing we will find that our happiest moments—those moments of joy that come swelling up into the soul—are unexpected. They are caused sometimes by the murmur of the breeze, by the singing of a bird, by a passage in a book, and by numberless other things. We are easily moved, every one of us, even the greatest and the most intellectual—like the æolian harp, a breath of wind affects us. There is no greater mistake than to reason from the point that all men are wise, or learned. This may be all very well in the science of politics; but all men are not wise, all men are not intellectual, all do not reason soundly. The great mass of mankind have no time for reading or meditation, and when they have the time they do not make use of it. Take our country, for instance, as a proof of this. We boast ourselves to be the most intelligent people, and the most enlightened on the face of the earth, and perhaps we are, but the great mass read nothing but newspapers; that is about the heaviest reading the most of them indulge in, and you may guess at the amount of learning a man acquires who reads nothing else.

Now I come to the point of what I would deduce from all this, which is the importance of things that we see in daily life. How important it is that the things we see and the sounds we hear should have something of religion connected with them—something that wakes us up to a sense of the existence of another world. It must be confessed that if we are the most enlightened and the freest people, we are also the most worldly. There is not a people who are so given up to worldly things, who are, in the language of the Scripture, more "of the earth, earthy." And this is because what we read and hear is calculated to give an idea of the exaggerated value of everything in this world. There is very little we see in daily life that is calculated to raise our thoughts to God. How dif-

ferent is it in the Old World! Go to Europe, and wherever you travel, either in the great cities or in the country, you find something to arouse your religious feelings. Among the Apennines, in the Austrian Tyrol, you are struck by the manners of the people—their manners are those of gentlemen and ladies; there is an air of refinement about them. What does this come from? Why is it that an Italian peasant is more of a gentleman than an English gentleman even? It is owing to the very effect that religious influences exert upon him through the medium of material things. It is not only on a Sunday that he is reminded of God and religion; it is every day. He goes out on a road leading to a village, and he meets a procession on its way to the church, headed by the clergy. He follows it into the sacred edifice, and he hears the music—exquisite music, because it is played by those who understand it thoroughly. It is to such things that the people owe their refinement, for it is impossible that a man who is surrounded by such influences should be completely worldly-minded. We all know how we lack everything of this kind in this country. We have plenty of magnificent railroads, great factories, and everything to remind us that money is a very important thing in this world. If you enter a railroad car and hear five persons engaged in conversation, four of them are talking about making money. This is the spirit, and it will continue to increase till we check it by bringing up things that will exercise a religious influence on the minds of our people. We are making an effort for mental refinement by the establishment of parks, but what we need more are those things that will remind us of God and of heaven.

The Rt. Rev. speaker spoke at still greater length on this point, and concluded as follows: It will, said he, referring to the Churches and Cathedrals of the Old World, it will be a long time before men will scatter such evidences of their love of God throughout our country. But even that small mass of iron—I think I would not exaggerate its influence by calling it an assistant Pastor in this place—even it will be a bond of union and brotherhood among you, reminding you of that unity of faith which binds all Catholics. It will ring out the "Angels," and I am very anxious to see that beautiful devotion adopted throughout this country. It is a prayer that you can say in any place, whether travelling or at work, for although in the old country people—even the King and Queen—go down upon their knees, there is no necessity for doing this and the probability is if we did so people would consider us crazy. So this little bell will ring out and tell you of this. It will also tell you to come to church; and it will ring the passing bell to remind you that some one of your brethren has departed. If you will only open your ears to its teachings it will become a direct means of spiritual good, so that when our Lord comes to you at the hour of death he may not find you unprepared.

This closed the impressive ceremony and the people separated, to return however in the evening, for the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. In the evening the Bishop again preached, his discourse being intended chiefly for the children; and thus terminated the religious exercises of the day.

In conclusion we would express our thanks to the Pastor, Rev. Father Daly, for his kindness and hospitality, wishing him every success in his efforts to improve the condition of his people, and to extend among them the blessings of true religion. In our introduction we forgot to speak of the choir, which is excellent, and of the organist, Mr. Kavanagh, whose performance would have done credit to many of our professional musicians.

ST. BRIDGE'S CHURCH.—The decorations of this church having been completed, it will be re-opened next Sunday, on which occasion a sermon will be preached by Rev. Father Baker. We sincerely regret to hear that an accident has happened to Rev. Father Mooney which will interfere to a considerable extent with the discharge of his clerical duties. It appears he fell off a platform while directing some work, breaking one of his arms and bruising his leg. He sustained, however, no further injuries.

A CONCERT FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE POOR.—L'Association des Dames de St. Vincent de Paul. A concert for the benefit of the poor will be given, under the patronage of the Ladies of this Association, on Tuesday next, May 31, at the Metropolitan Theatre, Broadway, opposite Bond street. Further particulars will appear in future advertisements.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION IN OUR METROPOLIS.

St. Vincent's Academy and the College of St. Francis Xavier.

Literary and other Exercises by the Pupils.

The examination of the pupils of St. Vincent's Academy is over, and in accordance with our original intention, we complete our report with an account of the concluding exercises. In addition to this we also give an extended account of the interesting literary exercises of the students in the College of St. Francis Xavier, which took place the following day and which comes after the report of St. Vincent's Academy in chronological order. Both, we have no doubt, will be read with pleasure.

ELEVENTH ANNUAL EXAMINATION OF THE PUPILS OF ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY.

The second and last of the examination of the pupils of St. Vincent's Academy, under the charge of the Christian Brothers, took place on Wednesday, the 18th instant, in the Lecture Hall of the Peter Cooper Institute. The evening was most unfavorable, the rain poured down in torrents, and, as usual under such circumstances, the streets presented a most uninviting appearance to pedestrians; but with all these disadvantages to contend against, there was a large audience present. Jupiter Pluvius was evidently determined to make a night of it and to force people to keep in-doors, but if he succeeded in reducing the number of attendants at the public places of amusement, his efforts were unavailing in keeping the people away from the intellectual entertainment which the Christian Brothers had prepared. It was indeed a gratifying sight to see the deep interest which our people have, not only on this but on every other occasion, taken in these schools, and to observe the unfeigned pleasure with which they have watched the steady and rapid progress exhibited by the children in the result of their examinations. They never seemed to grow weary, and the encouraging smiles and hearty approbation with which they greeted the successful examination of the pupils, must have a happy effect in stimulating them to renewed exertions in self-improvement.

On this occasion the examinations were still more rigid than those we have already described, and they were necessarily much longer. The good Brothers had intended this as the crowning effort, and it certainly exceeded, both in point of interest and substantial merits, any of their previous exhibitions. In addition to the studies in which the pupils were examined on the first evening, we noticed on the programme, French, Trigonometry, Surveying and Mensuration.

The first on the programme was the overture from Tancréd, performed by the Band, under the direction of Mr. J. Kohl. The selection was one of the best that could be made, and it is sufficient to say that the piece lost none of its beauties in the hands of the performers. The fourth class were examined in History and Geography, in both of which they exhibited, if possible, a still greater proficiency than we had observed in any other. It was not that they merely answered the questions in the latter study, but they were minutely informed upon all the particulars connected with each place. We only wish some of those who labor under the impression that Catholics are, as a body, indifferent to education, and that the Church herself is inimical to it, could have heard those boys. They were not only acquainted with the precise locality of different places, but they were posted up on their natural productions, their climate, the character of their people, and other matters no less important and instructive.

The pupils next united in the four-part song entitled "Before the Battle," which they showed the same high training and advancement in this accomplishment that we noticed at the previous examination. They were rewarded for their efforts by a perfect storm of applause.

Now came the first recitation of the evening, which was delivered with a vigor and nice perception of its character, by Master R. F. McGrath, that we hardly expected to see in so young a pupil. It is called the "Irish Enigmas of 1776," and refers to a period so interesting in the history of this country that we include it in our report. It also shows what an active and substantial sympathy the Irish people exhibited in the efforts of the

struggling Colonies for National Independence

Irish Emigrants.
1776.

BY CARROLL MALONE.

Oh! how she ploughed the ocean, the good ship Castle
Down,
The day we love our colors out, the Harp without the
Crown!
A gallant bark, she topped the wave; and fearless hearts
were we,
With guns and pikes, and bayonets, a stalwart com-
pany.
'Twas a sixteen years from Thurot,* and sweeping down
the bay,
The "Siege of Carrickfergus" so merrily we did play;
By the old Castle's foot we went, with three right hearty
cheers;
And waved our green cockades aloft, for we were Vol-
unteers.

Volunteers!
O! we were in our prime that day, stout Irish Volun-
teers.
Twas when we weighed our anchor on the breast of
smooth Carmoyle,
Our guns spoke out in thunders: "Adieu, sweet Irish
soil!"
At Whiteabbey, and Greenacree, and Holywood so gay,
Were hundreds waving handkerchiefs, with many a loud
huzzah.

Our voices o'er the water went to the hollow mountains
round;
Young Freedom, struggling at her birth, might utter
such a sound.
But one green slope beside Belfast, we cheered, and
cheered it still.
The people had changed its name that year, and called it
Bunker Hill;

Bunker Hill!
O! that our hands, like our hearts, had been in the
trench at Bunker Hill.

Our ship cleared out for Quebec port; but thither little
bent,
Up some New England river, to run her keel we meant.
We took our course due North, as out round old Black-
head we steered,

Till Ireland bore southwest by south, and Fingal's
rock appeared.
Then on the poop stood Webster, while the ship hung
dutteringly.

Above us like her tack across the wide, wide ocean sea:
He pointed to the Atlantic—"Yonder's no place for
slaves;

Haul down these British badges; for Freedom rules the
waves.

Rules the waves!"
Three hundred strong men answered, shouting, "Free-
dom rules the waves!"

Then all together rose, and brought the British ensign
down;

And up we raised our island Green, without the British
Crown;

Emblazoned there a golden harp, like maiden undelied,
A shanrock wreath around its head, hullo! o'er the sea
and smiled.

A hundred days, with adverse winds, we kept our course
true;

On the hundredth day, came bearing down, a British
sloop-of-war.

When they spied our flag they fired a gun; but as they
neared us fast,

Old Andrew Jackson went aloft, and nailed it to the
mast.

To the mast;
A soldier was that old Jackson; he made our colors
fast.

Patrick Henry was our Captain, as brave as ever green:
"Now we must do or die," said he, "for our green flag
is nailed."

Silently came the sloop along; and silently we lay,
Till our ringing cheers and cannonade the foe began
the fray;

Then, their boarders o'er the bulwarks, like shuttlecocks
we cast,
One broadside volley from our guns swept down the taper-
ing mast!

"Now, British rats! St. George's Cross is trailing in the
wake!"

How do you like the greeting, and the handle of the
Free?

Of the Free?
These are terms and tokens of men who will be free."

They answered us with cannon, their honor to redeem:
To shoot away our Irish flag, each gunner took his aim;

They riddled it up in ribbons, till it dattered in the air,
And filled with shot-holes, till no trace of golden Harp
was there;

But the ragged holes did glance and gleam, in the sun's
golden light,
Even as the twinkling stars adorn God's unfurled flag
at night.

With dropping fire we sung—"Good night, and fare-ye-
well, brave rats!"
Our captain looked aloft: "By ———! the flag is Stripes
and Stars.

Stripes and Stars."
Hight into Boston port we sailed, below the Stripes and
Stars.

* The landing of Thurot at Carrickfergus, in 1760, was
long used as an epoch by the people in the North, and is
known to have occasioned the first formation of the Irish
Volunteers.

† Bunker's Hill, on the shore of Down, opposite Bel-
fast, was so called in honor of the famous hill at Boston.

Of the result of the examination of the
pupils in Grammar, Arithmetic, Algebra,
Mensuration, Geometry, Book-keeping, Latin,
Trigonometry and Surveying, it is unneces-
sary to speak at length. It is sufficient to
say that they fully sustained the character of
the Academy for the excellent system of
training and education pursued therein, and
as for the pupils themselves, we have never

seen boys who, at an examination, exhibited
such a thorough knowledge of the various
studies on which they were questioned. We
should state here that the length of the pro-
gramme rendered it impossible to examine the
boys on all the studies, and for this reason
the audience had no opportunity of witnessing
their proficiency in Astronomy, French and
Natural Philosophy.

The performance of the Academy was excel-
lent, for mere learners, and the musical por-
tion of the exhibition was altogether far
ahead of what is generally heard on such oc-
casions. As we have before alluded to the
talent displayed by the boys in the delivery
of recitation, we will content ourselves by
simply giving the subject of each and the
name of the boy or boys who took part in this
portion of the exercises. In the following
we also give the names of those who enter-
tained the audience with a display of their
vocal powers:

Morceau, par Burgmüller.....Piano, J. Green—Violin, H.
Peaceful Nights—Duet.....F. R. McGrath, J. J. Sullivan.
March—Léon de Lammereau.....Academy Band.
Sorrow for the Dead.....J. T. White.

THE INN DIALOGUE.
Landlord.....F. R. McGrath.
Waiter.....G. McKenzie.
Farmer.....J. Mulry.
Tom.....J. Lyons.
Harry.....Three Sharps.....J. J. Sullivan.
Jim.....J. J. Sullivan.
Savoureen Deelah—on Violins.....J. Hughes, J. Dugan,
G. McKenzie, A. Collier, J. Murphy, H. Hughes,
P. O'Neill, J. Scally.

Right to Tax America.....T. Neade.
Let Erin Remember—Solo.....E. F. McGrath.
The Old Hat.....C. Marting.
Seven Plagues of Egypt.....J. Sullivan.
Johnny Rands—Solo.....J. S. Griffin.
The Connecticut Peddler—Trio.....G. McKenzie, C. Cul-
bertson, J. S. Griffin.

Nature.....H. Hughes.
THE DOCTOR IN SPITE OF HIMSELF—DIALOGUE.
Dr. Gregory.....J. C. Curran.
Dorcas, his wife.....B. Gaffney.
Squire.....J. Martin.
Soldier.....B. McQuinn.
Jim.....J. Scally.
Harry, J. his Footmen.....T. White.

The exercises concluded with the "Star-
Spangled Banner," played by the Academy
Band, which was received with the most en-
thusiastic applause.

LITERARY EXERCISES IN THE COLLEGE OF ST.
FRANCIS XAVIER.

An exhibition of the students of St. Francis
Xavier's College in Sixteenth street took
place on Thursday, the 19th. The exercises
consisted of a debate on the importance of
classical education, ably conducted by four of
the young gentlemen, and presided over by
another, who acted as chairman; of speeches,
essays, vocal music of a high order, and an
original Latin ode—*Ad Virginem Mariam*—
written and delivered by Mr. E. Kelly. The
room appropriated to the exercises was taste-
fully arranged for the occasion. At one end
was an alcove or small semi-circular apart-
ment, and on each side of the entrance were
planted flag-staffs, surmounted by the Ameri-
can eagle, and wreathed around with heavy
folds of the national banner, the gleaming
Stars and Stripes. These ensigns, of which
there were a large number, belonged to the
different classes of the College, each class
having a banner, which is reserved exclusively
for its own use. Around the crescent-shaped
recess before mentioned the debaters took
their seats, the classicists on one side of the
chairman, and their opponents on the other.
Around the walls were representations of
sacred subjects, portraits of sainted men, or
passages in the life of our Blessed Lord. A
small shrine, on which, amid bouquets of
glowing flowers, the statue of the Virgin
Mother was placed, on one side of the room,
reminding the youthful occupants of the
Mystical Rose, to whose honor the Church
dedicates the month of May.

A chorus from the "*Muette de Portici*,"
sung in excellent style by the students, pre-
ceded the literary exercises. The recess as-
signed to the speakers was elevated above the
main room, and its side-walls painted to
resemble rows of pillars, with column after
column stretching away in dim perspective
behind the Chairman's seat, formed a very
pleasing background. The Chairman, James
Devlin, announced to the audience the subject
of the debate—"Is a course of Classical
Studies preferable to that of English Literature?"
He stated it clearly and precisely, and
in accordance with the duties of his position
and the strict impartiality it demanded from
him, he carefully abstained from expressing
any opinion that would indicate a leaning to
either side, or a determination to prejudice
the question. At the conclusion of the Chair-
man's remarks the debate was opened by
Gabriel A. Healy. This gentleman and his
colleague, Daniel E. McSweeney, sustained the
negative with much ability and force of rea-

soning, and though their ground was less tena-
ble, they managed by strength of argument
to compensate for weakness of position. They
maintained that no knowledge is so valuable
as that which comes to us clothed in our own
language, bearing the impress of national man-
ner, and quickened by national feeling and
thought; and that the time spent in acquiring
a knowledge of the dead languages was spent
simply in acquiring a knowledge of words,
for the ideas could be found in translations
possessing the advantage of being more forcibly
and happily expressed. That the study of
Greek and Roman authors was a necessary
item in the formation of a lofty, polished
style, they considered sufficiently disproved
by the number who had risen to eminence
even in our own country without possessing
this requisite. They asserted that modern
literature could bear comparison with class-
ical literature in every quality that consti-
tutes excellence, and in proof they pointed to
the polished pages of Burke and Everett.
With such orators as Webster and Calhoun,
Curran and O'Connell, they asked—why are
we forever lauding the rounded periods of
Cicero and the nervous vigor of Demosthenes?

It would be impossible even to enumerate the
objections brought forward on this side and
supported by plausible reasoning. One argued
that the mind, disciplined by a course of class-
ical studies, came to the actual business of
life with exhausted vigor; that the energy
that would have carried it triumphantly over
the course had been expended in the training.
That it was necessary for the learned profes-
sions, leaving out the ecclesiastical, they con-
sidered a delusion. The physician of the
present day could not gain much from men who
knew little of chemistry and less of botany;
and the time devoted to the study of laws
framed for a state of society so different from
ours could have been more profitably employed
in studying the works of Kent or Blackstone.

James H. McGean and John Edwards main-
tained the affirmative side with equal skill
and happier fortune. That the study of class-
ical literature was injurious to morality they
indignantly denied, and in corroboration of
their views pointed to the doctors and fathers
of the Church, who were diligent students
and ardent admirers of the Greek and Roman
authors. The mere fact that the Church had
fostered and encouraged the study of the an-
cients, and that the most eminent of her chil-
dren were distinguished for their classic lore
and imbued with the classic spirit, was in it-
self a sufficient refutation of this charge. It
was to be remembered, however, that the
classics were not laid open indiscriminately
to youth; all objectionable parts were ex-
punged, and when studied as the Church
wished them to be, under the supervision of
teachers who looked upon the mental culture
of their pupils as subordinate to their im-
mortal welfare, the objection was utterly
without foundation. The assertion of their
opponents that the knowledge embodied in
one's native language, in original or transla-
ted works, was all-sufficient, was fairly met
and answered by the classicists. They con-
tended also that the study of the classics had
another advantage, which should not be over-
looked, arising from the different shades of
meaning which each word expressed, and the
consequent necessity of selecting one mean-
ing from among several. This constantly re-
curring necessity strengthened and refined
the taste and judgment, and thus while the
acquisition of knowledge was going on, while
the memory was being stored with facts, the
other faculties were not idle, but were taking
cognizance of the mode in which these facts
were conveyed. As to translations being
preferable to original works from their en-
shrining the essence and spirit of our lan-
guage in the idiomatic excellence of another,
it was answered that men would rather look
through a telescope than receive reports from
those who did, no matter how eloquently they
were drawn up, or how strongly they were
corroborated. The fact that the modern au-
thors whose finished elegance of style ren-
dered a recourse to antique models unneces-
sary, had formed their style on these very
models, had studied them assiduously, and
were admired just in proportion as they ap-
proached that standard, was used with ef-
fect. After replying *ad verbatim* to the argu-
ment of their opponents, the question was
left to the decision of the Chair. The Chair-
man paid a well-merited compliment to the
gentlemen who maintained the negative, but
decided in favor of their opponents.

Next followed an "Essay on the Inquisi-
tion," by C. G. Herbermann, remarkable for its
arrangement, reasoning and research. He com-
menced by observing that toleration was the
boast of the present age; that in theory it
was pushed to the extreme, and that to be
consistent it should in practice extend to
every form of error, no matter how repul-
sive it might be in its appearance, or how
disastrous in its results. Before entering on
the subject of his essay, he reviewed the con-
dition of Europe at the time the Inquisition
was established, Germany suffering from the
war of the peasants, France from the danger-
ous and subtle Manichean heresy that had
broken out among the Albigenses, and
produced dire disorders; and Spain with
Moors and Jews within her borders, these
dangerous from their wealth, those from the
sympathy and contiguity of their African
kindred, and both waiting for an opportunity
to disturb the peace of the kingdom. He then
spoke of the far-seeing policy of Ferdinand,
his conviction that unity in religion was the
best safeguard of national unity, and his es-
tablishment of the Inquisition for that pur-
pose. That it was a political rather than a
religious engine, and that the cruelties al-
leged to have been perpetrated within its
walls were grossly exaggerated, was proved
conclusively. That tortures were sometimes
resorted to, was admitted, for tortures were
then used in every court of justice, but the
tortures of the Inquisition were as nothing
compared with those of the Star Chamber,
though men shudder at the name of the one
and hear the other with perfect indifference.
The essayist dwelt at some length on the
manner in which the Inquisition was abo-
lished, as a proof that it was not a religious in-
stitution; the Pope was not applied to, as in
the case of the Knights Templars; the King
stepped in and abrogated it, which he cer-
tainly could not have done had it been other
than a secular institution. The manner in
which this tribunal dealt with heretics, the
officials that composed it, and the laws that
governed it, were not forgotten; each re-
ceived due attention, and the whole subject
was treated freely and fearlessly.

Not the least interesting portion of the en-
tertainment was the music, the vocal part
being furnished by the students, the instru-
mental by Professor Weismüller. The sing-
ing gave evidence of taste and cultivation, and
the selections were judiciously made from
Auber, Rossini and David. From the Chris-
topher Columbus, of the last named composer,
a splendid chorus—"Les Genies de l'Océan"
was given by the students with fine effect.

When the literary and musical exercises
had terminated, Rev. Father Driscoll addressed
a few brief remarks to the students and the
audience. To Professor Weismüller he ex-
pressed his gratification at the musical pro-
ficiency displayed by the students under his
instruction in that delightful art, and turning
to those who had participated in the exercises
of the morning, he continued: To you, young
gentlemen, who have made the morning pleas-
ant by your debate, on a subject well calcu-
lated to interest a cultivated audience and to
display the resources of your own minds, I
return thanks in my own name, and I am sure
I may add, in that of the audience. Connected
with it I have only one regret, and that is
that the Chairman could not award the palm
of victory to both parties, because each advo-
cated what was confided to his advocacy with
equal ability. There was one thing, however,
forgotten by the gentleman who maintained
the affirmative, that would have done more to
overthrow the arguments of their opponents
than any logic they could bring to bear
against them. Do they not furnish in them-
selves a refutation of their own arguments?
Could they have supported their cause so ably
had their minds not been disciplined by the
very studies they endeavored to decry. Af-
ter some further remarks the Rev. Speaker
observed, I cannot pass over without notice
the young gentleman who, in classical lan-
guage, addressed our Holy Mother to whom
this month is consecrated, and I thank him
for having sung her praises in such happy
terms. Adverting to the essay on the Inquisi-
tion he paid a high compliment to the learn-
ing and talent of the writer, and expressed his
satisfaction at the manner in which he treated
a subject so widely misunderstood, and the
calm, convincing refutation of the calumnies
flung upon an institution so important and
beneficial in its results to the country in
which it originated.

With an expression of pleasure at the satis-
factory manner in which the exercises of the
morning had passed off the Rev. gentleman
concluded amid loud applause. This termi-
nated an instructive and interesting exhibi-
tion.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

O. E. DUFFY, CATHOLIC BOOKSELLER AND Periodical Dealer, No. 429 E Street, Washington, D. C. All the Catholic Papers for sale. The Metropolitan Record always on hand. mh3m

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

GEORGE SAUNDERS' METALLIC TABLET RAZOR STROP.—This invaluable article may be obtained of the sole manufacturers, J. & S. SAUNDERS, No. 7 Astor House, and of the various agents throughout the city. mh3m

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POST OFFICE NOTICE.—The Mails for Europe, via SOUTHAMPTON and HAVRE, per U. S. steamer ALBAGO, will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 23rd day of May, at 10 o'clock A. M. my23 ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

AGENCIES.—We have appointed the following Agents for the Record, in addition to those already announced:—

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DEAR SIR: We have much pleasure in informing you of the benefits received by a little orphan in our charge from your valuable discovery. On in particular suffered from length of time, and very sore legs; we were afraid amputation would be necessary. We feel much pleasure in informing you that he is now perfectly well. SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH, Hamilton, G. W. British Provinces. mh12 1y

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Youth not qualified to enter on the Collegiate course are admitted into the Preparatory Department.

my14 8m JOHN McCABREY, D. D., President.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, - ST. JOSEPH'S COUNTY, INDIANA. This Institution, chartered in 1844, numbers at the present time, in connection with St. Mary's, one mile distant, more than five hundred inmates. It is seated in the valley of St. Joseph, a region, one of the healthiest and most invigorating to the constitution in the northwest, between two railroads, either of which places within thirty hours travel of New York or Philadelphia and within three of Chicago. The students are divided into four distinct Departments, viz: the Collegiate Department, comprising a full course in the Liberal Arts and Exact Sciences, has a corps of able Professors, mostly European. The Commercial, which has hitherto been the largest, is in the hands of competent and experienced Professors chiefly American. The Preparatory is designed to fit students for the Collegiate proper and comprehends thorough Rudimentary Instruction. The Department of the Minors contains twenty-four of the youngest boys of ages ranging from six to ten years, and is exclusively under the charge of an American lady.

The discipline of the Institution, though mild and easy, is regarded as the main foundation of success both for parent and pupil. A peculiar advantage of NOTRE DAME, is a place for Christian Education, in retirement and seclusion from the moral contagion of large cities. Full office as it is, it has yet a life of its own—an atmosphere of Catholicity which no other place breathes elsewhere.

It is unnecessary to call the attention of Parents having sons and daughters to educate, to the proximity to the University, of St. Mary's Academy, under the direction of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

In both Institutions, the French and German are taught by natives of France and Germany.

TERMS, \$125 PER ANNUM.
REV. E. SORIN, President.
NOTRE DAME, Jan. 1, 1858.
Barnesville—Barnesville Shields, Orphan Asylum, Third District; Rev. H. R. Borden, St. Patrick's; Rev. Cornelius Moynahan, St. Peter's Church, Marigny st., Rev. John McGeehan, Fourth District; P. Irvins, Esq., my14 8m

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, NEW YORK. This Institution, situated at Fordham, eleven miles from the city, on the Harlem Railroad, is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

The terms are—Board, Tuition, use of bedding, per annum, payable half-yearly in advance, \$200; Washing and Mending of Linen, \$15; Physician's Fees, \$3. The extra charges are for the Summer vacation spent at College; for Music, Drawing, German, Spanish, and use of Chemical and Philosophical Apparatus, besides Books, Stationery, Clothing, etc., when furnished by the Treasurer.

There are two Preparatory Classes, from which Students pass to the Collegiate or to the Commercial Course. The Collegiate Year begins on the FIRST WEDNESDAY of September, and ends about the 15th of July.

my14 8m R. J. TELLER, S. J., President.

ACADEMY FOR YOUNG LADIES. Under the care of the SISTERS of the VISITATION, corner of Johnson and Pearl streets, Brooklyn. Terms per quarter (payable in advance), from \$10 to \$15, according to the number of the pupils.

The Foreign Languages, Vocal and Instrumental Music, Drawing and Painting, will form extra charges. For further information, application should be made at the Academy.

my14 8m
ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, WILMINGTON, DEL. The annual session commences on the 16th of August, and ends on the last Thursday of June.

The pension for Board and Tuition, in the classical course, is \$150. The pension for Board and Tuition in the English and Commercial course is \$135. 50 French, Spanish, German and Drawing, 30. 00 Music, 20. 00 August 11, 1858. REV. P. KELLY, President.

my14 8m
EMPLOYMENT.
\$50 A MONTH AND ALL EXPENSES PAID.—An Agent is wanted in every town and county in the United States, to engage in a respectable and easy business, by which the above profits may be certainly realized. For further particulars, address Dr. J. HENRY WALKER, corner of Broadway and Twelfth street, New York City, inclosing one postage stamp.

204 DRY GOODS.
AND 206 SIXTH AVENUE.
EVERY
DESCRIPTION OF LACE GOODS.
LACE GOODS.
LACE GOODS.
LACE GOODS.

MANTILLAS.
MANTILLAS.
At the very
Prices!!!!
The best style.
Lowest Auction
MUST BE SOLD
CHEAP.
CHEAP.
CHEAP.

By order of R. H. MACY.
By order of R. H. MACY.
One door below Fourteenth street, on Sixth
avenue. my28

LADIES, LADIES,

WE WANT
YOUR
MONEY!
YOU WANT OUR GOODS!
WE KEEP THE VERY BEST!
WE DO OUR VERY PRETTIEST
TO BUY LOW AND SELL CHEAP!
THIS WEEK OF COURSE
THE WEATHER WILL GIVE
YOU AN OPPORTUNITY TO
EXAMINE NEW STOCK OF
HOSIERY AND GLOVES,
OF MOHAIR GLOVES AND
MITTS.

OUR NEW
STOCK LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS.
OUR NEW STOCK EMBROIDERIES.
Our new stock real French collars.
Our new stock point lace collars.
Our new stock real Valenciennes lace.
Our new stock (REAL THREAD) VEILS and LACES.
Our new stock Purser edgings and laces.

OUR NEW
STOCK OF EVERY KIND OF
LACE GOODS,
LACE EDGINGS,
LACE VEILS,
LACE MANTILLAS,
LACE COLLARS,
LACE SLEEVES.

OUR NEW
STOCK LINEN GOODS.
OUR NEW
STOCK LINEN BOSOMS.
OUR NEW
STOCK CURTAIN MUSLINS.
OUR NEW
STOCK BOOK AND SWISS MUSLINS.

OUR NEW
STOCK DOTTED MUSLINS.
OUR NEW
STOCK TABLE COVERS AND NAPKINS.
OUR NEW
STOCK LADIES' UNDER CLOTHING
AND CORSETS.

OUR NEW
STOCK TUCKED SKIRTS FOR NEWPORT.
OUR NEW
STOCK ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS AND ROSES.
OUR NEW
STOCK DRESS TRIMMINGS AND
CRIMPED RIBBONS.

OUR NEW
STOCK OF RIBBONS OF EVERY STYLE.
Last week the rainy weather gave us a most excellent
opportunity to replenish
Every
Department
In our store.

my28
Our goods are new and cheap. Pleased call at
R. H. MACY.
204 and 206 Sixth avenue, on Fourteenth street.

A FULL A FULL A FULL
Clearing Out.
And regular
Clearing out of all
Our Fancy RIBBONS.
Our Fancy RIBBONS.
Our Fancy RIBBONS.

Green RIBBONS.
Green and White RIBBONS.
Brown and Brown and White RIBBONS.
Purple RIBBONS, of every width and quality.
CHEAP!

my28
R. H. MACY.
No. 204 and 206 Sixth avenue,
One door below Fourteenth street.

CRIMPED RIBBONS.
CRIMPED RIBBONS, of every color and width.
HAND-MADE RUCHES, very nice styles.
FRINGES, Buttons and Dress Trimmings.

my28
R. H. MACY.
No. 204 and 206 Sixth avenue,
One door below Fourteenth street.

GREEN, AND GREEN AND WHITE
BONNET RIBBONS.
At R. H. MACY'S,
Sixth avenue, one door below Fourteenth street. my28

LADIES,
RODGERS' CHEAP DRY GOODS STORE,
a16 8m Look into
840 Bowery.

BRODIE'S MANTILLAS!
THE
GREATEST
DISPLAY
OF
LACE
MANTILLAS
EVER
MADE
IN THE
UNITED
STATES!
DEFFING
ALL
COMPETITION!

LADIES, CALL AND SEE!
No. 300 CANAL STREET and 470 BROADWAY.
a16 tf

WE CALL THE SPECIAL ATTENTION
To the Extensive Dry Goods Establishment of
W. R. ROBERTS,
No. 292 Bowery.

His stock of Dry Goods, Cloths, Shawls and Mantillas, are unequalled in the city.
He has also a very extensive assortment of House-keeping Goods, such as Linens, Damasks, Shirtings and Sheetings, Towels, Diapers, Hosiery, Embroideries, &c. &c.

As this stock is all purchased for cash, ladies will find the price exceedingly low.
We would call particular attention to the balance of an Importer's stock of real Manchester goods, which were purchased at fifty cents on the dollar.
my16 6m W. R. ROBERTS, No. 292 Bowery.

E. WILLIAMS & CO., LATE
PETER ROBERTS, No. 429 Broadway.
Have just opened an immense stock of
BLACK THREAD AND FRENCH LACE VEILS,
COIFFURES, BARBES and SHAWLS.
REAL VALENCIENNES LACES and EDGINGS,
from their yard and upwards.
REAL POINT LACE COLLARS, \$4.50 and upwards.
Sets do. from \$16.
HONORABLE VALENCIENNES and MEDALLION
LACE COLLARS and SETS.
PARIS EMBROIDERED COLLARS, Sets and Handkerchiefs.

With a splendid assortment of
FINE FRENCH BANDS, FLOUNCINGS, EDGINGS and IN-
Just received from Auction.
AT EXTRAORDINARY LOW PRICES.
a16 5m

LORD & TAYLOR,
235, 257, 259 and 261 GRAND STREET,
and 47 and 49 CATHERINE STREET,
Invite attention
To their large and attractive stock of
SPRING DRY GOODS of every description,
my19 3m At much BELOW REGULAR PRICES.

J. R. SAUNDERS,
Third avenue, cor. Tenth street.
a9 2m
DRY GOODS.

CHARLES STREET & CO.,
No. 475 Broadway.
THE LARGEST CLOAK AND SHAWL STORE IN THE WORLD.

Ladies who are in request of either Shawls or Mantillas, will find in our establishment at all times a larger assortment than can be seen elsewhere in the United States in consequence of our great wholesale trade, our stock is always new, and in Mantillas no style is produced in Paris or London that has not its representative in our store. As a large trade is a necessity of our business, our prices are correspondingly low.

CHARLES STREET & CO.,
No. 475 Broadway.
DRY GOODS—LADIES, REMEMBER
your wardrobe is at the store of
W. G. CAMPBELL, No. 145 Third avenue.
Foreign Goods imported by every steamer. Alexander
Kid 1016 Broadway, my19 3m

THE FASHION OF THE DAY.—AFTER
all there is nothing greater than Ribbons for Dress Trimmings, and we do not wonder that it continues all the rage among the ladies in every sphere of life. Last year's fashions are made as pretty as new by placing on them some of LICHTENSTEIN'S handsome crimped Ribbons, and whether with double skirts or plain skirts, the effect is called, it is to it at once all air of elegance and fashionability. At LICHTENSTEIN'S, No. 38 Broadway, near Wall street, ladies are invited to go with any ribbon whatever, no matter how rare, how singular, or how new. This used to be one of the great difficulties with our fair friends; but it is no longer. They can give their fairer a wide scope in dress trimming with Ribbons for LICHTENSTEIN'S enormous and fashionable stock is always in hand if they run short. They can renew the embellishment. Ribbons forever, ladies! Ribbons forever!
my28

RICHARDSON'S IRISH LINENS, DAMASKS, &c.—Consumers of RICHARDSON'S LINENS. These desirous of obtaining the GENUINE GOODS, should see that the articles they purchase are sealed with the full name of the firm, RICHARDSON, SONS & SONS, EDWEN.

As a guarantee of the soundness and durability of the Goods.
This caution is rendered essentially necessary as large quantities of inferior and defective Linens are prepared, season after season, and sealed with the name of RICHARDSON by Irish houses, who, regarding the injury thus inflicted alike on the American consumer and the manufacturers of the genuine Goods, will not readily abandon a business so profitable, while purchasers can be imposed on with Goods of a worthless character.

J. BULLOCK & J. B. LOCKE, Agents,
No. 36 Church street.
a16 8m Between Barclay street and Place.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE, May 5, 1858.—Sale
Real Estate belonging to the Corporation of the City of New York, at public auction.—By virtue of the powers vested in the Commissioners of the City of New York, who will offer for sale, at public auction, on MONDAY, the 6th day of JUNE, 1858, at noon, at the Merchants' Exchange, the city of New York, the lot of ground, with the buildings thereon, on the north side of Twenty-fifth street, 175 feet east of Madison avenue, being 25 feet front and rear by 95 feet 9 inches in depth, for which a full warranty deed can be given.

Sixty-five (65) per cent can remain on bond and mortgage if desired, for five years. Interest at 8 per cent per annum.
A map of the property may be seen at the Comptroller's office.

By order of the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund,
my21 2t ROBT. T. HAWES, Comptroller.

DONNELLY'S OLD STAND.
C. C. HOLMES & CO.,
307 Grand st., corner of Allen, New York,
Importers and Dealers in
SILKS, MERINOS, DE LAINES and DRESS GOODS
of every description.
IRISH LINENS, TABLE LINENS, SHEETINGS,
NAPKINS, &c., &c.
Blankets, Quilts, Damask, Drapery, and House-keeping Dry Goods generally.
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VELVETS, &c.
Velvet Trimmings, and Linen Capes, Drapery, Oil Cloths, &c., Table Oil Cloths and Window Shades, Domestic Goods of all kinds.
All of which they will offer for sale at Wholesale or Retail, at the lowest market prices.
C. C. HOLMES & CO.,
307 Grand street.
j29 4f

DRY GOODS FROM AUCTION.
LINEN SHEETINGS, PILLOW CASES AND SHIRTINGS.
Damask Table Cloths, Napkins, Dollies and Towels, Huccabac, Diaper and French Towels.

NEW STYLES OF SPRING DRESS GOODS.
Silks, Poplins, Lustres, Barges, Challies, Printed Larocans and Organdies, Gingham and Calicoes, RIBBONS.

Rich for Spring and Summer.
BONNETS.
New styles English, Danubian, Pedal Florence, Neapolitan, Rough-and-Ready and Split Straw, Canton Matings, of all styles and widths.
C. G. HOOK,
(Late W. S. BORD.)
108 & 110 Sixth Avenue,
Between Eighth and Ninth streets.
n23 3m

140 SIXTH AVENUE, BETWEEN
Tenth and Eleventh streets.
JOHN ELLIOTT & CO.,
McCORMACK & SIMPSON.

We feel confidence in recommending this establishment as the
BEST AND CHEAPEST IN THE CITY
To Ladies of the most refined taste, who desire to
REAL LACES & FRENCH EMBROIDERIES
Of the most rare and elaborate design.
BONNET AND TRIMMING RIBBONS.
Of the latest styles.

Of Novelties in DRESS TRIMMINGS.
Of Novelties in DRESS BUTTONS & TASSELS.
Of Novelties in SILK CORDS AND GIRDLES.
Of Novelties in GALLOONS AND FRINGES.

Of the best brands in
BLK. AND GOLD VELVET RIBBONS.
Of any particular shade or style, new and fashionable in
DRESS GARNITURE.
It is decidedly the best place to buy nice
ENGLISH HOSIERY.

Both for Gentlemen and Ladies.
OUR KID GLOVES, At 68 cents.
Are the best ever offered in this city at the price.
We have endeavored to make our stock of
SMALL WARES
As good and complete as possible,
And will sell at very low rates.

It contains a large stock of
Sewing Silks, Hooks and Eyes, Corbs, Braids, Bindings, Bobbins, Laces, Elastic, Whalebones, Combs and Brushes, together with the thousand and one other things usually classified here.

We refer specially to a magnificent line of
FRENCH EMBROIDERED COLLARS and SETS.
Which we are offering this season, and have no doubt it will be found the
BEST ASSORTED, MOST SELECT & CHEAPEST YET OFFERED.

Examine our RIBBONS AND DRESS TRIMMINGS.
Examine our SMALL WARES AND YANKEE NOTIONS.
Examine our HOSIERY AND GLOVES.
Examine our REAL LACES.
Examine our FRENCH EMBROIDERED WARE.
Examine our SCOTCH BANDS AND FLOUNCINGS.
Examine our EDGINGS AND INSERTINGS.

my28
We name our lowest prices at first.
JOHN ELLIOTT & CO.,
No. 140 Sixth avenue.
a26 3m

A CARD.—W. JACKSON, No. 651
Broadway, respectfully calls the attention of purchasers of
MOURNING GOODS
to his extensive Spring importations of Dress Goods, being the largest and most desirable ever submitted for inspection. The following are among the many lots received per late steamers:

Handsome figured foulards by the yard.
Japanese Silks, a new article, very desirable.
Cheek and Striped Silks in every variety.
Black Melton cloths, 1 1/4 yards wide.

Black Broadcloths and Challies without lustre.
Black Gradelines in every width and quality.
Black Grenadine Bercees, very handsome.
Crape Marett and Basine Crapes, new goods.
Trebble wide Spanish Crapes, all wool, 1 1/2 and 2 yards wide, beautiful texture, never before seen in this market; also, some very choice English and French Poplins for traveling and house dresses, &c. &c., together with a most beautiful stock of Bonnets, Mantillas, Shawls, &c.

Ladies will please observe the name and number.
W. JACKSON'S,
Importer of Mourning Goods,
m25 3m 551 Broadway, bet. Spring and Prince.

BLACK SILKS! BLACK SILKS!
W. JACKSON, No. 551 Broadway,
has imported, and is now offering, at retail, the most beautiful and desirable stock of
MOURNING BLACK SILKS
ever produced in this market, embracing every make and width, from \$1 to \$5 per yard, and in prices we challenge competition. Call and examine.
Observe,
W. JACKSON,
Importer of Mourning Goods,
m19 5m 551 Broadway, bet. Spring and Prince.

CARPETINGS.

CARPET AND OIL CLOTH WAREHOUSE.
JOHN W. HEALY,
 111 Bowery, near Grand Street, New York.
 Importer, Jobber, and Retailer of
CARPETING, FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, GANTON and
COCOA MATTING, DRUGGETS, &c.
 The stock contained in this establishment embraces
 every item appertaining to the Carpet Trade, from the
 most expensive foreign fabric to the lowest price domestic
 article, and all goods sold are warranted as repre-
 sented.
 The Clergy, Churches, Convents and Charitable In-
 stitutions will be furnished at Manufacturers' prices.
 Orders executed with exactness and dispatch, and
 goods packed and shipped free of charge.
JOHN W. HEALY,
 111 Bowery, New York.
 129 3m

ARTHUR DONNELLY, 98 BOWERY,
 NEW YORK.
 Importer and Manufacturer of
CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, DRUGGETS, MATTINGS, &c.
 At wholesale and retail for each.
 The clergy, charitable and public institutions, churches
 and nurseries furnished at wholesale prices.
 Experienced upholsterers also on hand to execute
 with neatness and dispatch, all orders for churches,
 altars, or private dwellings, either in town or country.
 The name of Donnelly is well and favorably known
 to the Catholic community of the United States—as a
 sufficient guarantee that customers will be dealt with in
 a fair, honorable, and upright manner.
ARTHUR DONNELLY,
 98 Bowery, New York.
 129 3m

CARPETING.
 1859. 1859.
 IMPORTATIONS OF NEW AND CHOICE PAT-
 TERNS FOR SPRING SALES.

SMITH & LOUNSBURY,
 No. 456 Broadway,
 Are now prepared to exhibit their
 NEW SPRING STYLES OF FOREIGN AND DO-
 MESTIC CARPETING.
 Comprising every description and grade, from the
 RICHEST TO THE CHEAPEST FABRIC.
 And embracing a great variety of new and elegant pat-
 terns and shadings.

Our orders and contracts have been completed pre-
 viously to the recent importation in prices, we are
 enabled to offer our stock at
PRICES MUCH LESS THAN MARKET RATES.

Among the stock will be found the following:
 New Patterns MEDALLIONS, various sizes,
 12s. to 14s. per yard.
 New Patterns VELVET, best English makers,
 10s. to 12s. per yard.
 New Patterns TAPESTRY, best English makers,
 7s. to 9s. per yard.
 New Patterns BRUSSELS, best English makers,
 9s. to 11s. per yard.
 New Patterns THREE-PLY, foreign and domestic,
 7s. to 9s. per yard.
 New Patterns INGRAIN, foreign and domestic,
 2s. to 4s. per yard.

English and American
FLOOR OIL CLOTHS.
 Any required width, from
 4s. to 10s. per yard.
 With a choice assortment of all other articles connected
 with the trade. Also,
WINDOW SHADES.

DRAPERY, LACE and
MUSLIN CURTAINS,
 And TRIMMINGS of every kind to suit.
 Our Upholstery Department is complete, and all or-
 ders will be

EXECUTED WITH DISPATCH.
 And satisfaction guaranteed.
SMITH & LOUNSBURY,
 my19 3m No. 456 Broadway, (near Grand street.)

CARPETS AT OLD PRICES.

Same as before the recent heavy advances.
ENTIRELY NEW SPRING PATTERNS.
 J. Crossley & Son's Tapestry, (newest styles,) 1 00
 Lowell and Hartford (Three-plies,) 1 00
 Superfine Ingrains, 70
 Extra Ingrains, 75
 All-wool Ingrains, in great variety, 45c. @ 60
ALSO A FULL ASSORTMENT OF
 Oil Cloths, Hair Carpets, Druggets, Mats, Matting,
 Tings, Star Rugs, &c., &c.

LORD & TAYLOR,
 my19 3m Nos. 255, 257, 259 and 261 Grand st.

ENGLISH CARPETING
 IMPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE
CITY TRADE,

BY
HIRAM ANDERSON,
 No. 30 BOWERY.
 Splendid Medallion Velvets, Bordered,
 Elegant Tapestry Velvets, Crossley's
 make Royal Velvet Carpets, new styles,
 Crossley's five-frame Brussels Carpets.
 A superior assortment of Church Car-
 pets.
 Imperial 3-PLY Carpets, new styles.
 Ingrain Carpets of every variety.
 Brussels and elegant Carpets for Altars.
 Library, Dining-room and Hall Carpets.
 Superb Velvet and Brussels Star Carpets.

OIL CLOTHS.
 A splendid stock from 3 to 24 yards wide.
DRUGGETS
 And English Felts from 1 to 4 square wide.

RUGS.
 Mossie, Wilton, Axminster, Chenille and Tufted.
MATTINGS
 Gowgna, Canton and Rope Matting and Mats.
 Gold, Painted and Landscape Window Shades.
 Velvet and Paris Cloth, Table and Piano Covers.
 &c., &c., &c.

At Extraordinary Low Prices!
SIGN OF GOLDEN EAGLE.
 my19 3m No. 29 Bowery.

SELPHO'S PATENT ELASTIC
LEG AND HAND
 Combines new and valuable improvements to all who
 require them. Call or address
 927 8m **WM. SELPHO, No. 116 Broadway, N. Y.**

CARPETING.

G. S. HUMPHREY & CO.,
 Opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel,
 Offer to the public one of the
LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTED STOCKS OF
CARPETINGS.
 To be found in this country, a part of which is
 The ENTIRE STOCK of a large Importing House
 declining business, which will be sold
 TWENTY PER CENT LESS THAN COST OF
 IMPORTATION.
 1,000 pieces
 Brussels Carpeting, \$1 per yard.
 Ingrain Carpeting (best quality), 75c. per yard.
 \$2 8m **FOR CASH ONLY.**

BUSINESS CARDS.

W. R. ROBERTS,
DRY GOODS EMPORIUM
 No. 252 Bowery,
 between Prince and Houston streets, New York.
 Low prices and prompt attention to customers.
SHAWLS, CLOAKS, MANTILLAS AND DRESS
GOODS OF ALL KINDS. my19 3m

POWER & DRADY,
 STEAM MARBLE WORKS.
 Nos. 122, 124, 126, East 32nd street,
 NEW YORK
 127 1y

WINDOW SHADES.

291 FURNITURE. 291
 NEW FIRM AND NEW GOODS.

KELTY BROTHERS & LUM,
 MANUFACTURERS OF WINDOW SHADES,
 and Importers of Buff, White and Green Hollands, Lace
 and Muslin Curtains, Brocade, Satin de Laines, Reps
 Cotton Worsted, and Satin Damask Cornice Bands,
 Loops, Tassels, and all goods pertaining to the
 UPHOLSTERY BUSINESS.

All of which will be offered at low prices.
291 B R N Y. 291
 a23 3m

CLOTHING.

TWIN TEMPLES OF FASHIONS.
SMITH BROTHERS,
 (the Marble Store),
 Nos. 122, 124 and 140 FULTON STREET,
 Between Broadway and William street, New York.

THOMAS SMITH, JR.,
ROBERT L. SMITH,
J. SMITH RICE.

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.
 The price is marked on all the goods in plain figures.

Those mansions of marble, oh say if thou knowest
 O'er which the gay standard of Fashion's unfurled,
 Where the voluptuous is warm and the potent is low,
 And the clothes are the cheapest and best in the world
 If not—let it once! To Smith Brothers betake you,
 They best can assist you to wear your plan.

For the best and dress; for the workshops, the count-
 ing-room and ball.
 Including our new styles of
TIP TOPS FOR SPRING OVERCOATS,
THE OLIPHANT AND BLOOMER SACKS,
THE BISHOP FROCK.

SMITH'S OIL,
 AND OUR WATER-PROOF DUSTER.
 All of which are entirely new and made expressly for
 our city trade.

OUR BOYS' DEPARTMENT
 Contains an immense stock of everything that is ne-
 cessary to supply the demands of the rising generation.
 THE CHILD OF THE FUTURE WILL BE MARKED
 And from that price (being the lowest possible) there
 can be

NO DEVIATION.
 "Economy, durability and elegance. Good materials,
 good style and good workmanship. Small profits,
 quick returns, and good clothing."

THESE ARE
 The business maxims which SMITH BROTHERS prac-
 tice.

They have acquired public favor and support;
 AND BY PERSISTING IN THESE
 They will maintain and extend that reputation.
 my19 3m

1859. 1859.
ROGERS & RAYMOND'S
SPRING FASHIONS

BOYS AND YOUTHS.
 Large and Varied Stock.
 Our stock of Boys' Clothing for the present season is
 attracting

FAMILY CUSTOM
 from all quarters, for the following reasons: First, it
 complies a greater

VARIETY OF NEW STYLES
 than any other in the city. Second, the materials hav-
 ing been purchased before the late advance in Clothing
 Fabrics, it can be

AFFORDED CHEAPER
 than any other stock of equal beauty and excellence now
 in the market. Third, every article is marked at its
 lowest cash price, thus placing all buyers, whether
 good judges of Clothing or not, on the same level.

WELL-KNOWN REPUTATION
 of the firm, its immense business, and the system of
 equity and fairness which have ever governed its deal-
 ings, are

SOLID GUARANTEES
 of the sterling qualities of its Clothing, and of the reli-
 ability of the statements put forth in its advertisements.
THE CUSTOM DEPARTMENT
 for Gentlemen, Boys and Youths, is amply stocked with
 Spring Goods, and the Clothing furnished to order will
 be found equal to any made to measure in the city, while
 the charges are extremely moderate.

ROGERS & RAYMOND,
 W. S. 121, 123, 125 Fulton street, corner of Nassau.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF
 the Surrogate of the County of New York, notice is
 hereby given to all persons having claims against HEN-
 RY EARLY, late of the City of New York, soapstone
 manufacturer, deceased, to present the same, with vouch-
 ers therefor to the subscriber, at his residence, No. 147
 21m street, in the City of New York, on or before the
 fourteenth day of November next.—Dated New York,
 the second day of May, 1859.
 my7 6m **CATHARINE EARLY, Administratrix.**

CLOTHING.

SPRING CLOTHING.
CLARK'S,
 398 AND 400
 BOWERY,
 Opposite Sixth street,
 Junction of Third and Fourth Avenues.
MAMMOTH CLOTHING EMPORIUM,
 TWO
 FIVE
 STOREY
 BUILDINGS!
 DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY
 TO THE SALE AND MANUFACTURE OF
 READY-MADE CLOTHING OF EVERY
 DESCRIPTION.

THE LARGEST, CHEAPEST, AND BEST SELECTED STOCK EVER OFFERED IN THIS CITY FOR MEN AND BOYS. PRICES BELOW ANY HOUSE IN THE TRADE. CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

FASHIONABLE IN THE MOST STYLES.

BUSINESS SUITS.
BERLIN CASSIMERE \$5 00 to 7 00
FINE ENGLISH STYLE 7 00 to 9 00
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FINE GRECIAN SACKS, 5 50 to 7 00
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FINE SACKS, &c., from 6 00 to 9 00
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EXTRA FINE BLK FROCKS, 8 50 to 10 00
LINED WITH SILK, from 2 50 to 4 50
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SACKS AND FROCKS, from 4 50 to 6 50
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GOOD BLK DOESKIN 2 75 to 3 00
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new style, from 2 50 to 3 00
MOY CHECKS, 2 50 to 3 00
Side-band, &c., from 2 50 to 3 00
BROWN AND BLACK 2 50 to 3 00
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HAVE THE GOOD FORTUNE
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 ADAPTED TO THE WANTS OF

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 the attention of GENTLEMEN to their stock
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Our goods are mostly of our own importation, and
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 of the goods will allow.

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 Under St. Nicholas Hotel.
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WILLIAM T. A. HART, SEXTON
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 Coffin Warehouses, No. 287 Bowery.
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 All orders punctually attended to, day or night. 15 3m
WAREHOUSES OF FISK'S PATENT
METALLIC BURIAL CASES.
HUTCHER & CO.,
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 No. 536 Broadway, near Spring street, New York.
 Wool coffins furnished. Undertakers supplied with
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 Burial Cases, air-tight and indestructible, for protecting
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 ready transportation, or for any other purpose.
 Prices, adults' size, \$25 to \$60; children's do, \$8
 to \$20. my12 1y

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 Funerals furnished at the shortest notice. a9 3m

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 Through tickets to the following places:
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 Apply to
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ROCHE, BROTHERS & COFFEY, AGENTS,
 No. 69 South street, New York.

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STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S
NEW YORK AND GALWAY LINE.—The next
 departure will be on the 20th of May, touching at
 St. John's, N. B., and Halifax, N. S.

Passage to St. John's, N. B., and Halifax, N. S., by the
 ship ADELAIDE, Capt. NICHOLSON, which sails on
 THURSDAY, the 20th day of MAY, touching at
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Prices of passage: First class, \$30; Second, \$20; Third,
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 For freight or passage apply to JOHN MCKEE, 103
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STEAM TO IRELAND DIRECT FOR \$30.
 The Liverpool, New York and Philadelphia Steamship
 Company's splendid and powerful Steamships are in-
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CITY OF MANCHESTER, 1st and 3d of June.
 From New York to Cork and Liverpool:
CITY OF MANCHESTER, 25th of June.

EXTRA PASSAGE:
 Cabin, from New York to Cork and Liverpool, \$75
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 On an unlimited allowance of the best Cooked
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JOHN G. DALE, Agent.
WILLIAM INMAN, Agent, 62 and 63 Tower Build-
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 Further sailings will appear in future advertisements.

FOR SOUTHAMPTON AND HA-
VERLEE.—The United States Mail steamer
 ARAGO, D. Line Co., will leave for Havre
 touching at Southampton to land the mails and passen-
 gers, on SATURDAY, May 28, at 12 o'clock, from Pier
 37 North river, at the foot of Beach street. This ship has
 five water-tight compartments, enclosing the engines, so
 that in the event of collision or stranding, the water
 could not reach them, and the pumps being free to work,
 the safety of the vessel and passengers would be secured.
 Price of Passage in Second Cabin, \$75 and \$100.
 Passage not less than the voyage should be sent
 on board the day before sailing, marked "Below."

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N. B.—The steamer FULTON will succeed the
ARAGO, and sail June 25. my14 1/2y

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